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"PIONEER"
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MANUFACTURED BY THE
RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO., LTD.,
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PEARSON'S WEEKLY.
TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

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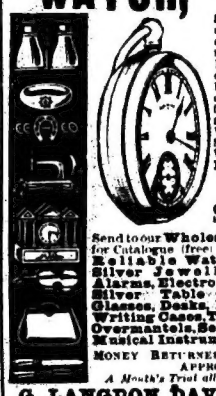

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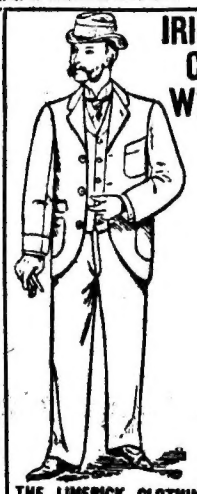

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PARKER'S FAMOUS 2/6 EACH LADIES OR GENTS' SILK UMBRELLAS

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Collars, Ladies', from 3/6 per doz. Gents' 4-fold, 4/11 per doz. **Cuffs** for Ladies or Gentlemen from 5/11 per doz.

Shirts, Best quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold Linen Fronts, 35/6 per ½ doz. (to measure 2/- extra).

"Exquisite quality, most moderate in price."—*Myra's Journal.*

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

IF YOU COUGH TAKE GÉRAUDEL'S

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us by a single hair." Pope.

"Tying Strings," such as tape, cord, boot-lace, elastic, &c., prevent the hair from [illegible] natural length and richness; they split and destroy it, until it becomes thin and stunted in growth.

MOORE'S "ITA" (PATENT) HAIR FASTENER

Improves The Appearance

Because it does not injure a single hair those already injured to grow again to their [illegible] knots to tie or untie, no loss of hair [illegible] **MOORE'S "ITA"** is instantly adjusted, [illegible] neatly, and comfortably in its place.

MADE IN VARIOUS SHADES to MATCH [illegible] months, and can be obtained of all Best Hairdressers, price **6d.** each. If any difficulty in obtaining [illegible] the **Manufacturers:**

After a few months' use the broken hairs will grow sufficiently long to be taken up by the Fastener as shown above.

THE PATENT HAIR FASTENER CO.,
ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

Circular with instructions for use given with each Fastener; see that you [illegible]

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

[illegible]s, HENRIETTA STREET, LO[illegible]N, W.C.

Sit down in a corner by yourself and think for half-an-hour. When a brilliant idea strikes you, jot it down and send it to us under the conditions mentioned on page 29. We are giving £100 a week for ideas.

THE SUNDAY READER IS THE BEST PAPER FOR READING ON SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

SAME AS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

No. 366.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JULY 24, 1897. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [ONE PENNY.

HOW SHOCKING.—Cholly: "Yaas, old chap, death actually stared me in the face."

Algy: "How verwy wude!"

MRS. M'AWDELLE: "I never enjoyed a visit to a country-house less in all my life, and never met a more horribly disagreeable hostess than Mrs. Courtney, and I think it was very hypocritical of you, Percy, to tell her that she made you feel quite at home."

Her Husband: "My dear, I only spoke the truth."

INFANT REASONING.—Two little tots in the street were much absorbed in watching a handsome little pony which pawed the kerbing impatiently, and this excited the little ones' curiosity.

"Wot's he doin' dat for?" Johnnie asked; and Janie, who lisps, answered, after some reflection:

"I 'spect heth dot chilblainth."

MUCH RELIEVED.—Mrs. Society: "Don't you know that man your daughter is going to marry?"

Mr. Meek: "No-o. I've been afraid to ask her."

Mrs. Society: "He's a prize fighter, a regular brute. He's fought a score of men, and half killed a dozen women."

Mr. Meek (much relieved): "Oh! Then he's all right. I was afraid he was some poor lamb like myself."

CAN OYSTERS BE DRILLED?

OYSTERS are amenable to discipline. This is how they are taught to keep their mouths shut on a long journey, and thus preserve their perfect conditions:

The newly-dredged oysters are placed in water; then occasionally during the day the water is run off, leaving the oysters uncovered and otherwise incommoded. During the first time the oysters are uncovered a great number of them open their shells, and these probably feel very uncomfortable until the water covers them again.

After a few lessons of this kind the oysters slowly learn not to open their shells when they are expected to keep them closed. From being at first only a very short time out of water, they are taught to bear longer and longer exposures to the air, until they have thoroughly learnt the lesson of keeping their shells closed.

Then, when they are sent to the Parisian markets, they arrive with closed shells, and in a nice, healthy condition.

WHAT ONE BULLET COULD DO.

THE Premier of Canada, who recently came over for the Jubilee, relates the following story. It appears that once while staying in Mississippi he acted as second in a somewhat amusing affair of honour.

There was bad feeling between two lawyers, and it was decided that only blood could wipe out the enmity which existed. A challenge was sent and duly acknowledged. The hour was appointed, and the two men met in a secluded spot. One of them was a great sufferer from St. Vitus's dance, the other was cool and collected.

As they faced each other the afflicted man began to tremble from head to foot, while his pistol described an arc with varying up-and-down strokes. His opponent stood firm as a rock waiting for the signal to fire. Before it came, however, he laid his pistol on the ground, walked into the wood, and cut a limb off a tree with a fork in the end of it. This he brought back and stuck in the ground in front of his antagonist. Then, turning to the second, he said:

"I must request you to ask your principal to rest his pistol in that fork."

"What for?" asked his opponent's second.

"Well," replied the other, "I have no objection to running the risk of one shot, but I certainly do decline having one bullet make a honeycomb of me. If that man were to shoot while his hand is shaking the way it is now he would fill me full of holes at his first shot."

This was too much for the seconds, and by mutual agreement a truce was patched up, and no shots were exchanged.

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THE TOWN OF BABYVILLE.

It's the dearest town, the fairest town, the prettiest town to me,
Of all the towns in all the lands, this side or 'cross the sea;
It's sunshine there, and moonshine there, and starshine all the time,
And it's never cold and none get old, in its lovely summer clime;
There's never a ghost or a goblin there, and sin was never known,
And no one ever had a pain, or heard a neighbour groan,
And the birds sing always night and day, in fact they're never still,
In this airy, fairy, darling place, the town of Babyville.

The shops are full of sweetmeats, and they're sold for a mere song,
The hobby-horses in the streets are free the whole day long;
The band plays every afternoon, there're fireworks every night,
And all the babies toddle out to see the glorious sight.
You kiss them as you meet them, and they kiss you when you go,
And clap their hands, and laugh with glee, to see you at their show;
The doctor died last summer, and is resting o'er the hill,
For none get ill—they haven't time—in the town of Babyville.

The houses are of gingerbread, the fences are of cake;
There's a river full of lemon, and a lovely sherbet lake.
You eat whenever hungry, and you drink whenever dry,
And pay your board in kisses—that surely isn't high;
But if you want to live there you have to pay a toll.
Some pay it very readily; some can't to save their soul.
It's not in gold or silver, nor yet a paper bill;
It's just to bring a baby to the town of Babyville.

You can live with us for ever, if a baby comes along;
We want another sunny face, another voice in song,
For we all sing in our village from the book of Mother Goose,
And it takes a babe to teach you how to let your voice out loose.
So if you think of coming, just send your name along,
And tell us when the baby came, and if it's well and strong,
And tell us when to meet you; we'll be waiting by the mill,
And the band will play a welcome to the town of Babyville.

THE children had written compositions on the giraffe. They were reading them aloud to the class. At last the time came for little Willie to read his. It was as follows:

"The giraffe is a dumb animal, and cannot express itself by any sound, because its neck is so long that its voice gets tired on the way to its mouth."

"I WISH you would go out into the yard and beat the carpet," said Mrs. Birmingham to her husband.

"It's utterly impossible, my dear," expostulated the latter.

"I'd like to know why?"

"If you remember, when we were buying that carpet, and the dealer was explaining its good qualities, I was very much struck by his declaration that it 'couldn't be beat.'"

CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT.—Sharp Parent (at head of stairs): "Clara! it's time for you to go to bed!"

Clara (in the parlour): "Why, pa, Mr. Greene is here!"

"Oh! I beg pardon. I thought it was Mr. Brown, and I haven't any patience with Mr. Browne. He always kissed you with such loud smacks that it wakes me up. Stay as long as you please, Mr. Greene. You are always welcome."

Mr. Greene: "Um!—thank you, but I was just getting ready to go, and—I promised my chum I'd be back early. Good-night!"

MRS. DE FADD: "The latest fashion is to have the piano built into the wall."

Mr. De Fadd (wearily): "Well, that's sensible. Let's wall ours up."

"WHAT broke up the meeting?" asked the sympathiser.

"What broke up the meeting?" echoed the fiery Anarchist orator fiercely. "It was broken up, sir, by an idiot in the audience who started round with a hat to take up a collection to pay for the dynamite."

WONDERFUL SIGHT.—Telescope Proprietor: "Step up, ladies and gents, and view the planet Mars. One penny, mum."

Old Lady: "Oh, lor'! Hain't it round and smooth!"

Telescope Proprietor: "Will the bald-headed gent please step away from the front of the instrument?"

THE ILLUSTRATION REQUIRED TIME.—Julia: "Haven't you heard anything of that great healer who effected such wonderful cures by holding people's hands?"

May: "No."

Julia: "Why, it is very interesting. Tom spent an hour last night in showing me just how the man held the patient's hand."

THE LANDLADY SCORED, AS USUAL.

"YOU'VE got a very nice-looking landlady," said Bilkins to his friend Jilkins, who lived in diggings; "but she looks a sharper," he added in a whisper.

"Yes, you are right," replied Bilkins with the smile of a man who had long ago discovered the fact. "It wants someone cuter than me to get over that woman."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, when I first came here a strong suspicion grew on me that the landlady helped herself rather freely to the victuals which I brought in for my own consumption. I would stop her little game, I thought. So, accordingly, one day I brought home a chop and a pound of new potatoes. Having counted them, and finding that there were ten in all, I handed them over to be cooked. When the meal was ready and the covers had been removed I strained my neck to see the result of my little ruse, when——"

"You found nearly half of them gone, I suppose?"

"No, nothing of the sort. They were mashed!"

THE MAKING OF INDIAN INK.

INDIAN ink, which, as everybody knows, is not made in India at all, but in China, comes from the province of Anhui, whence it is exported all over the world. It is probable, however, that the best qualities are kept for home consumption, for the Chinese do all their writing with this ink, or paint, as it really is, which they rub down as we do paints, and use with a paint brush.

The value of this ink is very great, for in 1895 the two tons which were exported from Shanghai were worth £561.

It is made from colza oil, as well as from the oil obtained from a poisonous tree which is grown for the purpose in the valley of Yang-tsze-Kaing. Pork fat and varnish are added to this oil, and the lampblack which is obtained by their combustion forms the basis of the ink.

There are several qualities of ink depending upon the quality of the lampblack, which is determined by the materials used, as well as the time occupied in the combustion. To this lampblack glue is added, and the resulting paste is beaten with steel hammers on wooden anvils, while a certain quantity of musk and of gold leaves are added, the one for the sake of its perfume, and the other to give a lustre to the ink.

The paste is then put into wooden moulds and dried, a process occupying about three weeks, and then the sticks of ink are treated to a beautifying process of gilding, by being painted with Chinese characters as we see them come into the market.

The price of this ink varies considerably, for while one quality can be got for two shillings a pound, others may also be purchased at almost any price up to £7.

TEN POUNDS FOR ONE WORD. This is the attractive offer in this week's BIG BUDGET, One Penny Every Thursday.

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF AN AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.

BY WALTER E. GROGAN.

I.—A GAME WITH BISMARCK.

"I SEE you British have been running your heads against a stone wall again. It's curious, the partiality you have for that sort of exercise."

"What stone wall?" I asked, looking up from one of those American papers which are all headlines and fiction.

"The Munroe doctrine. It's built right across this Venezuelan job, and you'll have to give up butting it."

Ephraim K. Culverwell was an interesting man. He had served many years in the diplomatic service of the United States, had risen to the position of an Ambassador, and was withal a kindly, genial man. He looked about fifty, but I had reason to believe that he was somewhere over the borderland of sixty. His face was shrewd rather than intellectual; he spoke with a slight accent, perceptible in the elongation of certain vowels, and, when interested, his conversation was marked by a picturesque originality of idiom. I believe he had been a lumber man in his youth, but, living in a democratic country, he was not communicative on that point. At all events he was not one of the *Mayflower* set, a fact in which he gloried. All true Americans glory either in belonging to, or not belonging to the *Mayflower* set.

We were sitting in the smoking-room of Delmonico's, New York, which was nearly deserted. My friend, the ex-Ambassador, had retired from active service, but still took a keen interest in political events. In the past few weeks he had struck up a friendship with me, partly as I deferred to him as no independent American would have done, and partly because I once spoke of him as "the courteous and genial ex-Ambassador" in my weekly letter to a London daily. I had been sent out to New York to chronicle the doings in American politics and American society, and I was just realising that their politics were incomprehensible and their society nil.

"When you Europeans learn that the Munroe doctrine is the plank and the platform of American politics, I guess you'll cease running into those holes which result in big newspaper headlines and apologies."

"But, my dear Ambassador," I objected, "I know sufficient of your unintelligible politics to know that one President's gospel is another President's heresy—in fact, you're very like a weathercock in a shifting wind."

The Ambassador's eyes twinkled. "I don't know that you aren't pretty near the mark, but, my dear fellow, the Munroe doctrine is the centre pivot around which politics gyrate. It isn't politics, it's a national sentiment."

He cut the end off a very large cigar with a very small penknife in a deliberate and thoughtful silence.

"If you aren't particularly anxious to run around to the Vanderbilts', and interview the cook as to what they had for dinner, I have a notion that I could tell you a story which may happen to fix the meaning of this central idea of us Americans in your head."

"I am an English, not an American journalist," I answered.

"Ah," he said smilingly, "then I guess you have plenty of time. You British don't hustle much."

I settled down in my chair and waited. He took a long time to light his cigar. When it was flaring he carefully blew it out and examined the end, possibly to see the extent of the damage. Then, taking a very long pull, he emitted a cloud of smoke, first from the corners of his mouth and then from his nostrils, looking at me with a gentle tolerance.

"When I first entered the diplomatic service I knew two things, and with those I have managed to make a fairly successful career. They were that all Americans believe in Munroe as they believe in the Almighty Dollar, and that a woman can do more mischief to her own cause than any other animal on earth. Of course, I have learnt other things since, the best way of sizing-up a Presidential election, for instance, and the quickest way to rile you British—a kind of instinct which is much appreciated in Wall Street. In 1889, I represented the finest country in the world at Berlin, and a warm time we had of it. You will remember that that was the period when matters were what we call in the diplomatic service 'a little strained' over the question of Samoa. We were better off than your English minister, for we had the Munroe doctrine as a sheet anchor, and he was hampered with his Government and the opinions of the Press. It appears to me that your Press has an awkward habit of telling the truth, which is not healthy for diplomacy."

"I don't exactly see the bearing of the Munroe doctrine upon Samoa," I observed. "I always thought its action was limited to the American continent, and Samoa is in Australasia, I believe."

His Excellency smiled blandly at my ignorance.

"That is the insular opinion you British have. You cannot take a big view of things. You are cramped, like your country. Why, sir, the Munroe doctrine can include the whole world. It's a sort of 'Hail, Columbia!' policy, a policy which upholds the United States of America as the greatest country the Almighty has ever created, and entails a clear look-out on the part of American ministers that no European country shall have a look in. Do I make myself clear to you?"

"Very," I answered. "It is refreshing in its simplicity."

"That is so, I guess. Well, sir, the situation at Berlin was very curious. Sir Robert Morier, the British Ambassador, was, as you know, very friendly with the German Emperor, and was doing his best to carry out the policy of your country, which, I take it, is annexation, by throwing dust in the eyes of the German Court. Prince Bismarck, on the other hand, was playing the usual German game of fomenting quarrels at the seat of the disturbance, with an eye to an eventual armed intervention, on the plea of settling those disputes. I don't deny that Bismarck was a 'cute hand, almost worthy of my own country. I, sir, had instructions to watch the course of events, and at all hazards to keep Samoa neutral, if I could not manage to plant the stars and stripes over the islands.

"Well, sir, I can tell you we had a pretty anxious time of it. You Europeans do most of your diplomatic work by dancing, and as I was not much of a hand at the fectotum business, I was at a pretty big discount. You see even European diplomats have grasped the idea that a woman is a great help when her interests are on the other side, and that a good deal of important information can be gained by a respectable waltzer. I had thought of taking lessons myself, so as to be equal to the occasion, but half-an-hour's practice convinced me that I had no call that way. I am afraid my master didn't wear tight boots for a month afterwards.

"My advices from Washington gave me to understand pretty clearly that matters were approaching a crisis, and Harrison was getting more than a little anxious at the preparations being made by both of the European countries interested. A President's berth is no great catch, I can assure you. He spends most of the day being civil to those who put him in, and whenever there's anything going wrong he gets it pretty freely from the electors. We are a free and independent nation, we are, and we never hesitate about speaking our minds honestly. So Harrison was pretty keen that I should do something to keep the Europeans in check.

"Fortunately Sir Robert's influence at Court (he was a pretty dancer) was counterbalanced by a quarrel with Count Herbert Bismarck, and the old man backed up his son pretty firmly, and when all things are said I guess at that time Germany was Prince Bismarck.

"As I told you, we found out that the German local agents at Samoa had been tampering with their constitution to the extent of some heavy cargoes of arms and other notions for the rebels. Well, I went down and had a quiet talk with Bismarck on the point. He was troublesome at first.

"'You have no proof,' he said. 'I deny all knowledge of the matter. You are labouring under an entire misapprehension. The whole object of the German Government is the promotion of peace, which I take it, sir, is your own policy.'

"Bismarck was an able diplomat, he could tell you a 'diplomatic evasion' with as serene a face as anyone I have ever met, and I can tell you the Russian ministers require some beating at that."

"And even the American," I murmured.

The ex-Ambassador smiled gratefully.

"Well, as to that, I don't want to boast. I am considered a very fair poker player, and that is a game which is an excellent training for a diplomatic career. Well, I was not content with the Prince's explanation.

"'Quite so, your Serene Highness,' I said. 'But our agents have collected a few of the rifles used in the regrettable accidents'—the Prince was pleased to note the diplomacy of the word *accidents* with a gracious bend of the head—'and they say if they were not made in Germany they would take a free passage to the other world. Besides, unfortunately the rifles were stamped with the name of the maker, and, in short, your agents have been too openly concerned to admit of doubt.' I then gave him a few facts which put the question beyond diplomacy.

"The Prince seemed quite overcome. Of course it was natural to feel hurt at the blundering of trusted servants, and I respected his grief. I had felt that way myself.

"'Sir,' he said, 'I cannot sufficiently express my regret at the unauthorised action of our representatives in Samoa. It grieves me beyond measure that this unprincipled conduct should imperil the good feeling which I hope will ever continue between our countries. I shall most certainly disavow their proceedings in the Reichstag at the very earliest possible moment.'

"Well, I had to be content with that. I had given him a check, and he was evidently annoyed, but all the same I did not feel easy in my mind. Bismarck was a man who required a great deal of attention.

"In the German Court was a Baroness von Zettern, whose husband was deep in the councils of the Prince. She was a big woman, and as ugly as a gorilla. Being so big and so ugly the members of the other Embassies left her severely alone, much to her annoyance, for she was very vain. You see she required unusual exertion on the part of a partner in a dance, and diplomats as a rule are not athletic; their occupation being mostly eating and talking, their muscles don't get that exercise they should. Sir Robert tried to atone for her neglect by being particularly civil to the Baron, but he had been too carefully trained under Bismarck to disclose anything of importance. It's a mistake to worry with husbands when wives are handy.

"For some time I had devoted myself to Madame the Baroness. She was very grateful, so grateful that I was glad that I had taken the precaution to announce that I was a married man on my arrival in Berlin."

"But I always thought you were a bachelor!" I said in some surprise.

"So I am, my dear sir, so I am. That was an invention of my own, of which I am distinctly proud. It gave me greater scope. I used to account for her absence by the climate and the doctor's orders. Three or four times a year I purchased and sent handsome presents to my fictitious wife, and they were sold for me in New York by a confidential agent, the amount they fetched being placed to my credit in that city. That little ruse gave an air of truth to the story, and, well, sir, I have found my wife an excellent helpmate I can assure you, and she keeps her own council, which is an advantage.

"I had been in the habit of gleaning many interesting pieces of information from my friend the Baroness. She was very stupid, and by a little judicious management, consisting mostly of flattery and flowers, I was able to keep her entirely unsuspicious. Curiously enough her husband was completely under her thumb. He was 'cute enough himself; you had about as much chance of extracting anything from him he did not wish to tell you as you might from a deaf and dumb mute, but he certainly imparted more than was discreet to his wife. Women are intensely curious, especially about things which don't concern them, and as he was a confirmed gambler and also very rich, she indulged her curiosity pretty freely.

"The day after Bismarck publicly repudiated the action of his agents in Samoa there was a Court Ball. I arrived rather late. Important dispatches from Washington had arrived urging me to do something. I can tell you I was feeling pretty desperate. It seemed that the three countries interested were represented at Samoa by gunboats, each longing to declare protective powers, and each afraid of the other. It was as pretty a game of bluff as I have ever seen. I took no kind of notice of Sir Robert Morier. I knew you British would not do anything rash, it not being in your nature, but I own I was afraid of Bismarck's next move. As a matter of fact, we were not in a position to make any forcible objection if he had chosen to acquire the island.

"In my desperation I sought the Baroness. She looked up with a smile, but even then her face was not inviting. I gazed fixedly at her fan—it was a pretty fan, much better to look at than her—and smiled, too. I guess it was a pretty mournful sort of smile, for I was in a bad humour, I admit, and her face had made me sorrowful.

"'Your Excellency is sad,' she said.

"I took a desperate resolve.

"'How can I help being sad?' I asked in a low voice. 'I guess the dangers of the Court are enough to take away all the happiness from a man's life.'

"'The dangers! What dangers?' she asked, with a flutter of her fan as pretty as ever done by a handsome woman. I dared not look at her face, but it was all right so long as I kept my eyes on the fan.

"'Can you ask? Have I not seen the Baroness von Zettern daily! I was a free citizen of the United States once; I am free no longer. How can I help loving'—the fan fluttered most alarmingly here—'nay, adoring the most charming of her sex?'

"'Your Excellency, your Excellency, you flatter me too much!' she said. I stole a glance at her which nearly ruined the whole scheme. After that I kept religiously to the fan. An ugly woman trying to be coquettish is a paralysing sight!

"'Not a bit. Others may not call you beautiful, but to me you are the one woman in the world. How can I be anything else but sad when I love one who is the wife of another, and know that that other treats you as he does?' The fan paused here, and I knew that the shot had told.

"'What do you mean, Excellency?' she asked.

"'I am a plain American, madam,' I answered, 'and in my country we hold that there should be perfect confidence between husband and wife—perfect confidence. Nothing is too sacred to be shared between those who are united in the bonds of matrimony.'

"'But Wilhelm tells me everything!'

"'No doubt he says so, but you have been grossly deceived!'

"'How so?' she demanded, and I saw by the way the fan quivered that she was getting angry.

"'He is Prince Bismarck's confidential secretary, he knows all the Prince's secrets, and yet you, his wife, remain in ignorance.'

"'No, no! he tells me all. He dare not keep anything back.'

"'How grossly he deceives you! Not so would I treat so incomparable a treasure. Even we in a foreign Embassy know these matters before you.'

"'Indeed no. Your Excellency is astute, but a woman's cunning is quicker.' She laid her hand upon my arm. 'Ah, your Excellency, you men are very weak in our hands!'

"'Pardon me, Baroness, it is no weakness to confide in a loyal woman. But in this matter I know you are mistaken, and to convince you I will wager a little bet—shall we say a dozen pairs of gloves?—that you know nothing of a recent matter?'

"'Agreed!' she cried, with a coquettish tremour of her fan.

"'Then I assert you do not know the tenour of the last instructions to your boats now lying in the harbour of Samoa.'

"'Of course you know?' she asked, with a sudden cautiousness.

"'If you doubt——' I began, drawing myself up stiffly.

"'No, no, of course not!' She drew a little closer and bent down. For the sake of my country I smiled encouragingly. If we had a Victoria Cross in America I guess I earnt it then. She whispered behind her fan: 'We are to declare a German Protectorate on the renewal of hostilities.'

"I gasped, and turned it into a yawn. What I feared had come to pass.

"'Am I right?' she asked triumphantly.

"'I learn now that the Baroness can never be wrong. It will be an honour to clothe this little hand,' I answered, taking it in mine. I was wondering if they sold sevens at any fashionable house.

"I am not a conceited man, and I hate boasting, but I guess I speak the truth when I say I can arrive at a conclusion as quickly as anyone. I saw that I must get Bismarck to withdraw those instructions at once, and I also saw that that would be a matter of difficulty. If I could only get some hold over him, I thought. Then suddenly the whole thing flashed across me. The Baron von Zettern kept all the more important of his papers in his own study at his house, and his study opened out from Madame the Baroness's own boudoir. So much I had gathered from her in the course of the acquirement of useful knowledge. If, then, I could get a few minutes alone in that room I might alight upon the copy of the instructions to the agents which Bismarck had repudiated. Possessed of that, I could make the old Prince dance to any tune I liked to call.

A new competition devised by the inventor of the famous Picture Puzzles, appears in this week's BIG BUDGET, the bright Thursday paper.

"I made desperate love to the Baroness. I deplored the fact that I could not waltz, and found a secluded spot in a quiet conservatory. I knew no one would want to claim her for an hour or so. She was vain, and had been neglected. My knowledge of women told me she would be an easy—well, accessory. When I kissed her ungloved hand in token of farewell that night I had an appointment with her for the next afternoon at four, when she was to be strictly alone, and her husband sent out for the benefit of his health.

"I awaited that afternoon with ill-concealed anxiety. For half-an-hour in the morning I was closeted with my secretary, and when he left me his usually unimpressionable features were smiling as though he held a straight flush.

"The Baroness awaited me graciously, gorgeous in a tea-gown which might have been utilised as a door mat without inconveniencing her, there was so much of it.

"'You have been discreet, my angel,' I murmured. I played rather high in difference to her evident liking for that style of love-making. You see, it was all one to me, and I like to oblige a lady if it is convenient. Her life had been so free from blemish that she looked upon our innocent *tête-à-tête* and our platonic cup of tea as an indiscretion of the gravest consequence, and I kept up the illusion. Her want of beauty had been a great factor in preserving her virtue.

"'Could you doubt me? I have sent the Baron out with some flowers for Lady Jones,' she answered.

"I sat down by her in silence. I was trying to recover from the giggling of the servants, whom I had passed on my way to the Baroness's boudoir. I felt that I was suffering a great deal in the cause of my country.

"I chose a seat by the window which commanded a view of the road. The Baroness sat very near me. I am afraid I did not play my assumed *rôle* of lover very assiduously, for I was waiting and I was anxious, but her experience was so slight that she didn't notice it. I felt very much as though I were backing my hand heavily and had nothing to go on.

"A quarter of an hour passed agreeably enough for her. We had our tea, and sighed at each other over the tops of the cups. I called her an angel and other things, which entranced her, and eventually came to cigarettes, I lighting mine at the end of hers. Then I thought we had had enough play, and that it was about time to come to business. She was sitting very close to me, and every time I caught sight of the ecstatic look in her watery blue eyes I felt a cold shiver all down my spine. I guess, sir, that a man needs a special training to make love with any feelings of comfort to a woman who resembles a humanised white elephant.

"I took her hand in mine. I had found by experience that she liked it, and I was not going to shirk anything in the interests of my country.

"'You said,' I murmured, with one eye on the road, 'that you would show me your husband's key ring. You will remember that I complained last night that mine was always coming undone.' She had promised to show me the ring, which, it appeared, was a notion of her own, and I felt called upon to gratify her harmless whim.

"'I have it here, Ephraim,' she said, searching for it in her pocket. Just then I caught sight of Cumberpatch, my secretary, coming down the road. In some considerable anxiety I watched her efforts at finding her pocket. I don't think I ever had so mean an opinion of women before. It's not fair to an enterprising pickpocket to have pockets which even the owners can't locate.

"'Here it is,' she said. 'You see it cannot be unfastened.'

"I looked out of the window casually.

"'Good Heavens!' I cried, jumping up. 'We are undone! Here comes my secretary. He is coming up the sidewalk. He is coming to call on you! I must not be discovered here! What shall I do?'

"'Ephraim, Ephraim! we must face it out! We have done nothing wrong!'

"'Baroness, I am a married man. My wife is jealous. It will ruin us both. Ah, here!' I cried, not giving her time to think, and adroitly concealing the keys, 'let me go in here!'

"'I cannot,' she said, 'it is my husband's study. No one is allowed in there.'

"I ran to the door.

"'Baroness, for my sake, for both our sakes! It is only for a minute. You can get rid of Cumberpatch. Quick! he is coming up the stairs!'

"She was so startled that she opened the door with her own key. I closed it softly as Cumberpatch entered. He had hit the moment exactly. He always was an exceedingly punctual man.

"Well, sir, I accomplished what I wanted. The dispatch box was on the table, and in it I found a rough draft giving explicit instructions to the German agents in Samoa to foment the disturbances, and aid the rebels with arms, and in every other way possible. I took the liberty of extracting that document in the interests of universal peace. When Cumberpatch was gone I re-entered the boudoir, and found the Baron's official keys on the Baroness's work-table, much to her amazement, for she had been looking for them.

"The next day I called on Bismarck, and told him that he was to negative his instructions. Of course he denied their existence, but when I informed him of my possession of the incriminating draft, he altered his manner. I told him plainly that if he did not withdraw his order for the establishment of a German protectorate I should publish the draft of those instructions for the help of the rebels, the existence of which he had emphatically denied in the Reichstag, and I insisted upon seeing the telegram dispatched.

"Oh, yes, Bismarck said some very libellous things to me, but some men never can lose a game without they do the same with their temper. As for me, I am proud of having done so signal a service in the interests of humanity—oh, yes, and of the United States. Uphold peace, sir, in an honest and straightforward manner, that is the maxim of Ephraim K. Culverwell."

(*Next week:* "A JOURNALISTIC DEAL.")

BICYCLES OF PAPER.

THIN Manilla paper is now being used for making tubes for bicycles. The process of manufacture is ingenious, the paper being wound upon a mandrel, and coated by means of glue from a spray, thus insuring the absolute joining of the paper, which is made solid by means of great pressure.

When the tube has been constructed, some forty layers of paper being required for this purpose, it is subjected to great pressure from the inside, after the mandrel has been removed, and the tube placed in a very strong mould. This pressure is derived from a hydraulic machine.

The outer layers of paper are acted upon by means of a rolling machine, which hardens them, and the tubes are then polished in a lathe, and stained by the application of chemical salts to the desired colour, when they are varnished and are ready for use.

As paper is used for making the wheels of trains and other objects which are required to bear a great deal of pressure, it is obvious that no one need fear to use these bicycle frames on the score of inadequate strength.

A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE.

THE chemist's new assistant was on trial for a month, and at the end of the third week his master reminded him that he must hurry up and show his value, otherwise he would not be kept on. Although naturally sharp, the young fellow had not really had an opportunity to display his powers, but it came at last, and, strangely enough, on the very morning after the governor had given him the above warning.

A man walked into the shop, accompanied by a friend, who clearly was suffering tortures from the toothache.

"Can you give me a piece of cotton wool soaked with laudanum?" the former asked, and on receiving it asked if there were anything to pay.

"No, sir, nothing," replied the assistant.

The customer looked round for a moment, and then resting his eye on a box of tooth-brushes bought one, and then a box of fancy soaps.

"What do you mean, young man?" asked the chemist as soon as the two men had departed, "by not charging for the laudanum?"

"I should have done," replied the assistant, "had there not been two of them. I knew very well that his friend, after being obliged, would not care to leave the shop without buying something, and I was right, for he bought a 2s. box of soap and a 1s. tooth-brush, which he certainly would not have done had I charged him a few pence for the cotton wool."

The young man had proved his commercial 'cuteness, and, needless to say, was kept on.

SOMETHING ABOUT MARS AND THE MARTIANS.

A LIGHT ARTICLE ON A HEAVY SUBJECT.

EARTH is the third planet from the sun, and then comes Mars, 35,000,000 miles from us, about which there is so much speculation and discussion. It is placed well for observation, and, in consequence, we know more about it than any other celestial body but the moon.

Mars is farther away from the sun than the earth, and so receives only one-third of the sun's heat that we do. There is an atmosphere enveloping the globe, and its ruddy colour is by some said to be due to it.

The surface of Mars is clearly divided into areas of bluish green and reddish ochre in colour. Until recently these have been supposed to be the divisions of land and water, but now Lowell, the celebrated American astronomer, believes that Mars has no seas, and consists entirely of land. In his opinion Mars is a much older planet than Earth, and the oceans have dried up by reason of the water passing through cracks into the interior of the globe. The moon is a proof of this theory, and Mars, it is said, is midway in this respect between the earth and the moon.

The north and south poles of Mars are clearly marked with their white caps of ice and snow, which increase and diminish in accordance with the Martian seasons. In summer the snow entirely disappears, and as regularly increases during the winter. Ice-clad mountains have also been seen: but everything points to the fact that the climate of Mars is very mild.

But the most conclusive evidence that Mars is inhabited lies in the existence of what are known as the "canals" on Mars. They were discovered in 1877 by Schiaparelli; but nobody else observed them until 1886, since when their existence has been unquestioned.

These canals seem to have been traced in accordance with definite laws; they run round the planet and form a network over the entire surface. They are perfectly straight, and are from a thousand to fifteen hundred miles long, and have a uniform width of thirty miles.

It is now held that Mars is poorly provided with water, and that the canals are nothing less than a complete irrigation system. There is every reason to suppose that Mars is entirely dependent upon the melting of the polar snows for his water supply. This is the more credible, as when the polar snow-caps disappear during the Martian summer the canals broaden and darken as if filled with water, and examination under the polariscope confirms this statement.

The surrounding tracts also gradually change colour from a dark brown to a golden yellow. The reddish ochre tracts are believed to be huge deserts, and the greener areas on either side of the canals to be the cultivated land, and the gradual change to yellow to be due to the ripening vegetation.

The canals form the most perfect system of irrigation which it is possible to conceive, and everything points to the fact that they were designed. In proof of the statement that the canals are artificial, their absolute straightness, uniform width, and systematic radiation from special points are cited. Lowell is convinced that Mars is a living world, inhabited by a highly-civilised people, whose all-engrossing pursuit is the maintenance of an efficient water supply. The engineering difficulties of such a tremendous system are obviated when it is remembered that owing to the small weight of the planet a Martian would be fifty times physically stronger than a man on Earth, and the whole system of canals bears out Lowell's words that "a mind of no mean order has presided over the whole."

At the junction of two or more canals are dark-coloured spots, which until recently have been supposed to be lakes. These spots vary in diameter from 120 to 150 miles, and Lowell regards them as artificial oases and inhabited places, *i.e.*, the cities of the Martians.

The problem of communicating with Mars is a fascinating one, none the less so on account of its impossibility. Shining lights had been noted on Mars, and by some they have been thought to be caused by the Martians signalling to us. The explanation that they are due to the sun shining on ice-clad mountains is a more plausible one. The difficulty of communicating with Mars is two-fold. The first is how to send the message, and the second how the Martians could read it when they received it.

There have been various methods suggested of communicating with Mars. One person suggested the building of a large triangle in the Sahara desert which would attract the attention of Martian astronomers, and show them that we knew something of Euclid. Such a triangle, however, would have to be several hundred miles long, and the masonry at least thirty miles thick, and even then it would convey scanty information to the Martians.

It may, therefore, be dismissed as absurd, as may the proposal to signal to Mars with flags like soldiers. A flag to be visible to the Martians would have to be two hundred miles broad by three hundred miles long—that is about the size of Ireland. This flag would have to be attached to a flag-staff five hundred miles long, and then it would have to be waved!

A more sensible suggestion is that all the gas lights of London should be controlled by one turncock, by which London would be alternately illuminated and darkened, and thus attract the attention of the astronomers on Mars. Signalling by flash lights is, indeed, the only feasible plan of communicating with the planets.

Mr. Francis Galton in a recent article sketched out his solution of the problem. He supposes the first step to be taken by the Martians; one night our astronomers observe a peculiar scintillation on its surface. The night was exceptionally clear and Mars in a favourable position for observance when these electric-like sparks were seen for a moment on the disc of the planet.

Observation soon divided these lights into three kinds. Class B lasted twice as long as A, and C three times as long. These signals were therefore respectively termed dot, dash, and line. Between each flash there was a distinct pause; by degrees it was found that these flashes were divided into sentences, and that the message consisted of a series of numerals with the recurring dash expressing "is equal to."

By these means further messages were sent us informing us of the distance of the planets from the sun, and other arithmetical and geometrical information. Mr. Galton further imagines that in about three and a half years our astronomers would have been taught a code by which messages could be exchanged in a kind of word pictures.

This, of course, is a purely imaginative picture, but who dare say that in the future interplanetary communication may not become a reality? An old French lady determined to do her best to achieve this end; on her death a few years ago she left 10,000 francs to the Institute of France to be used in discovering some means of communicating with the planets, Mars more especially. If the French Institute declined to accept the responsibility and the money, it was to be offered to Milan, and failing that, to New York. But the French Institute undertook the legacy and its expenditure.

As to the appearance and nature of the inhabitants of Mars, Mr. H. G. Wells has advanced some very remarkable, but at the same time very plausible, theories in "The War of the Worlds," a story which he is now contributing to PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. According to this author, the Martians are repulsive-looking creatures, with long, octopus-like tentacles. When travelling from place to place, they envelope themselves in a huge metal case mounted on a gigantic tripod stand. Thus protected, they can move along with amazing rapidity.

They also possess wonderful weapons of offence and defence, a full description of which appears in Mr. Wells' story now running through PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

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QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

3592. Which War in which we were not Engaged has Probably had the Most Important Results for this Country?

The civil war between Mary Queen of Scots and her Protestant subjects, headed by the Lords of the Congregation, was of vital importance to England. The throne of Elizabeth, in the earlier years of her reign, was very insecure. Most of her nobles were Catholic, and were favourable to the claims of Mary, while, from outside, the great Spanish monarchy was threatening invasion on behalf of the Scottish Queen. Her own relatives, too, the powerful family of the Guises, who were often able to control the French crown, were intriguing in her favour. The overthrow of Mary's armies at the battles of Carberry Hill and Langside was the political salvation of England. It placed the government of Scotland in the hands of the Reformers and secured for the English people a Protestant successor in the person of the infant prince, afterwards James I. Had Mary been victorious in this war her son would have been trained by herself, and on the death of Elizabeth, either she or James would have succeeded, the benefits of the Reformation would have been neutralised, and the fires of Smithfield would probably have been relighted. At the very least, the accession of a Catholic sovereign would have led to a civil war, with its inevitable sequence of miseries and calamities.

3595. Which Breed of Dog is First Mentioned in English History?

This is generally admitted to be the Mastiff, variously called in earlier times Alaun, or Alan, and Molossus. The Romans found it in Britain, and were so struck with the breed that during their occupation of the country they appointed an officer—Procurator Cynegii—to collect and send British mastiffs to Rome for fighting in the arena among themselves or with wild beasts. Against those who urge the rival claims of the bull-dog as the oldest breed of dogs in the British Islands there is the further fact that a piece of Roman pottery shows the animal attacking a horse from behind, and not flying at the nose or front as a bull-dog naturally would. Special regulations protected the mastiff in the reign of Henry III., on account of its value to farmers and others, from the drastic forest laws of William the Conqueror, and both in tradition and fact it dates farthest back in our national annals, and is clearly the most historical dog of our day and country.

3599. Which Savage People have Most Successfully Resisted the British Arms?

Of peoples that we have actually subdued the great Zulu nation has undoubtedly offered the most stubborn resistance to our arms. Their subjugation has cost no fewer than five regular wars, ranging from 1811 to 1879, and these wars have not only cost an enormous amount of money and a great expenditure of blood, but they have also included some very grave disasters. The same may be said of the fanatical followers of the Mahdi and the Khalipha in the North of Africa, who, after several wars, in which the advantage has by no means always been on our side, still remain unsubdued. It would perhaps hardly be correct to call the Afghans a savage people, otherwise they would certainly furnish the best answer to the question. We have fought them again and again, and one of our armies has been absolutely annihilated by them, and although the defeat inflicted by Lord Roberts was apparently a decisive one, the fact remains that Afghanistan is still an independent country. On the whole, then, we may say that the question is best answered by the brave and fanatical tribesmen of the Soudan wilderness.

3600. Which of the Great Government Departments would Most Disastrously Affect the Commerce of this Country by Going out on Strike?

The choice lies between the Post-Office and the Mint. If all the minor officials, including the carriers and sorters, went out with the Department, no doubt a post-office strike would be the most disastrous, for nearly all commercial intercourse is now carried on by post or telegraph, and before a system of messengers could be substituted the whole country would be in a state of commercial chaos. If only the officials at headquarters went out, the ordinary routine might struggle on, at least for a time. A strike at the Mint would paralyse all its functions, and, as the demand for money to replace worn out coins is continuous and imperative, a sudden failure of the supply would cause distrust, and in a short time panic, when no kind of security would be accepted in place of coin, and all commercial relations would be thrown out of gear. Our foreign commercial relations, however, would not necessarily be so much affected, for gold is accepted in an uncoined state, and arrangements might be made for dispatching it so in spite of the idleness of the Mint. Still the disastrous effects of such a strike would not be much less than those following a strike of the Post-Office.

3601. In which Period has the Greatest Luxury Prevailed among the Governing Classes of any Country?

That period which witnessed the early growth of Christianity, and at no period in the world's history were the contrasts between the life-conditions of the rich and the poor so startling as they were in Imperial Rome during the first century. Farrar and other authorities say that there a whole population might be trembling lest they should be starved by the delay of an Alexandrian corn fleet, while the upper classes were squandering a fortune at a single banquet, drinking out of myrrhine and jewelled vases worth hundreds of pounds, and feasting on the brains of peacocks and the tongues of nightingales. The Roman ladies displayed unheard-of splendour in their costumes. The elder Pliny tells us that he saw Lollia Paulina in a robe entirely covered with pearls and emeralds, costing forty million sesterces (£432,000). An enormous expenditure for viands from most distant countries, for the rarest flowers in the midst of winter, for costly unguents and perfumed waters was common. Large ships and caravans were constantly employed bringing delicacies and jewels from the farthest provinces to the houses of rich Romans, and it may fairly be said that the world has never known such a luxurious age. The best modern answer to the question would be the age of Louis XV.

3606. Which is the Best Illustration in our History of the Saying: "A Prophet is not without Honour Save in his own Country"?

It would be difficult to find a more striking example than that of General Gordon. His achievements in China and the Soudan distinctly proved that he possessed both military and statesmanlike abilities of the very highest order, and yet his own country could never find him any better work to do than the ordinary routine duties of an officer of Engineers until the Government suddenly discovered the great abilities that had long been recognised all over Europe, and sent him to die, deserted and betrayed, in Khartoum. In the departments of Science and Letters, Roger Bacon and Charles Darwin would perhaps form the best answer to this question. Roger Bacon was recognised in Europe before he was in England, and Darwin was enjoying a European reputation while his own countrymen were execrating him as an atheist and subverter of all religion.

3603. Has there ever been a War Panic in London?

There have been several of greater or less severity. In 1667, the year after the great fire, the Dutch fleet of seventy ships, under De Ruyter, appeared in the Thames, forced the boom across the Medway, and burnt three British ships guarding the chain. The thundering of the Dutch guns spread dismay as it approached. Ships were sunk to check the invading fleet's progress to London Bridge, the train bands were called out, and the most violent agitation prevailed in the City. In 1707 a threatened invasion of the Pretender was sufficient to depress the value of stocks in Change Alley 14 or 15 per cent. Again, in 1715, when news that Prince Charles Edward had taken Perth reached London, the gates of the City were shut, the Tower was closed, the Guards were ordered out, business was suspended, and the train bands were placed on duty night and day. In 1797 Napoleon's hostile intentions pointed to an invasion of our coasts, and the war panic extended to London, with the result that a run was made on the Bank of England, and by order of the Government cash payments were suspended for six months.

3604. What Animals at Present Unknown in England could be Introduced to Greatest Advantage?

It would be an undoubted advantage if the alpaca, or any other of the llama species, could be naturalised in this country. The advantages of such an introduction would be exceedingly great, and it should not prove a difficult task. A herd of llamas has been imported into Australia, and seems to have succeeded remarkably well, the yield of wool having been quite as rich as was hoped by the enterprising importer. Considering the value of the wool of the alpaca—long, soft, silky, and extremely valuable to the commercial world—there would be a manifest advantage in breeding the animal in this country, and since the experiment has answered in Australia, there is no reason why the alpaca should not become acclimatised in England. It is not a wild, but a domesticated animal, and that is greatly in favour of its introduction. Moreover, the textile fabric obtained from its wool is in great demand, and becoming cheaper, as it undoubtedly would, if great herds could be reared, the alpaca of commerce would, undoubtedly, have such a sale as to bring good profits to the breeder.

3602. Which has Proved to be the Greater Barrier between Races, the Sea or Mountains?

Considering only races of men, in their early stages we find that when man had not even invented the simplest canoe, the wider seas presented an insurmountable bar to migration, and the same was true of the great oceans until ships came into use. Amongst civilised and semi-civilised nations the conditions are often reversed. This is well seen in the history of our own island. The Saxons and Engles crossed the seas and possessed themselves of south-eastern Britain with comparative ease, but they found the Penine chain and the mountains of Devonshire to be barriers that delayed their advance for nearly two centuries, while the rugged frontiers of Wales proved to be impenetrable for centuries longer. It may seem that the sea is still a very effectual hindrance to migration, since it has repeatedly protected nations from invasion by other powers; but usually an island's bulwark is not the surrounding ocean, but a navy. A mountain chain is a real protection, as in the case of the Himalaya Mountains, which forms a barrier against Russia, but, on the ocean, navies fight on equal terms.

3608. Is there any Reason to Show why England, being so Rich in Minerals, should be Lacking in Precious Stones?

The explanation is to be found in a study of English geology. It is well-known that precious stones are usually found in rocks which have undergone great changes, and hence are described as "metamorphic." These rocks are often penetrated by veins of granite and other molten material erupted from below, which in many cases have produced the metamorphism. It is in the vicinity of these veins that precious stones are most abundantly found. Precious stones are rare in England because metamorphic rocks are rare. The latter occur only in a few small areas. The most important of these are at the Lizard, on Dartmoor, in the Malvern Hills, and near Skiddaw, in Cumberland; and even in these limited patches the conditions are not favourable for the production of rare minerals. In the Highlands of Scotland, and in some parts of Ireland, metamorphic rocks cover a larger surface, and the rarer stones are occasionally found.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. ***Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.***

QUESTIONS.

3631. Which part of England is changing least at the present time?

3632. Is there any considerable portion of the United Kingdom in which the population is decreasing?

3633. Which British family has remained longest in the same home?

3634. Which saying is most universally attributed to the wrong author?

3635. Which mineral could mankind least easily dispense with?

3636. Which of the physical features of England is most conducive to her national wealth?

3637. Which is the most unique historical character?

3638. Which myth is common to the greatest variety of nations?

3639. In what sense, if any, is it true that "we are all socialists nowadays"?

3640. Which is the most famous well in the world?

TO TRUSTEES AND INVESTORS.

THE PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST OF MONEY LENT ON MORTGAGES can be absolutely secured by the payment of a small annual premium to the Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., of London, who are prepared to issue policies to the Investor securing his money and interest.

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All owners of dogs—whether boys or girls—should read the pithy and amusing articles about "Our Animals" now appearing in GIRLS every week.

A TOKEN OF LOVE.

"I WITNESSED a most remarkable sight to-day," said Mr. Brown, bursting into the room where his better half sat perusing the papers. "In fact," he continued, "I might say never in the course of my experience have I seen a policeman in such a peculiar predicament."

"A policeman!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "Dear me! Were some roughs ill-treating him?"

"Oh, no. I was just coming along the street when I saw a policeman on this very beat with his arm embracing a lamp-post. In fact, I would not be absolutely certain that he was not speaking to it at the same time."

"What extraordinary conduct for a guardian of the law!" interjected Mrs. B. "Was the man intoxicated at all?"

Before the lord and master had time to reply the indignant voice of the housemaid was heard through the half-opened door:

"Toxicated! Lor', ma'm, no! That's only a way he's got when he's thinking of me, ma'm."

WHERE WATCH-DOGS ARE MADE.

IT has long been admitted that the dog stands unrivalled amongst animals for the intelligence he so markedly displays, but, notwithstanding this, it seems that a certain amount of training is necessary to turn out what might be called a really good watch-dog.

The fact seems to have impressed a German gentleman, Herr Straus by name, to an unusual extent, for he has established in Berlin an academy where watch-dogs are turned out by the hundreds every year.

The gentleman referred to lives on the outskirts of the German capital, and is, it is hardly necessary to say, a great believer in canine intelligence, which he nevertheless considers requires a certain amount of development.

For this purpose he has invented a system whereby every dog, by judicious application, might finally develop into a good watch-dog, and also an affectionate pet.

The system does not consist of teaching the bow-wow a few tricks—which, however pretty they may look in the drawing-room, are scarcely of value—but in educating the dog, so that he may distinguish burglar from master, and treat them accordingly.

Thus every dog placed under the care of Herr Straus is put through a thorough scientific training, and is taught, should occasion occur, what part of the man's body must be attacked to prove most encouraging to non-resistance.

Before this can be mastered, however, the value of obedience must be instilled into the mind of every dog sharing the hospitality of his master, and consequently the recruit is first of all taught such ordinary tricks as sitting on its haunches, jumping in various ways over certain obstacles, and carrying stones from one place to another.

When these simple tricks have been properly grasped by his canine pupils, Herr Straus proceeds to more important instruction. A dummy representing a tramp is placed outside the gate, and to the knob a string is attached which is held by an assistant. Slowly and stealthily the gate is opened until the head of the dummy is perceivable inside. The dogs are taught to fly at this dummy as soon as they see it, and the educated dog promptly does credit to his master by springing at the throat of the imitation tramp.

Herr Straus is very particular in regard to the latter detail, and all his dogs are taught not to attack the lower parts of the unsuspecting intruder. And the animals don't, but tear at the throat of their victim until they are called off by their trainer.

Sometimes a real man, heavily padded, is employed in the place of the dummy, and, of course, the intrepid individual is well paid for his services. Herr Straus's academy is daily visited by artists, who find therein much striking material for animal pictures.

All dogs, it appears, can be made into good watch-dogs by such instruction, although St. Bernards and Russian wolfhounds have proved themselves superior for the purpose.

"SCHYMSER's awfully afraid of germs."

"Is he?"

"Yes. He never writes a letter without first boiling the ink."

THE WAR IN PRINT.—"What is the matter?" inquired the officer.

"The enemy has stolen a march on me!" replied the general, in great agitation.

"Are you sure?"

"Almost. Either that, or else I have mislaid the manuscript."

CONSISTENCY: "Write out an advertisement, double column, ten inches, to the effect that the BLOW is the only advertising medium worth considering," said the manager of the DAILY BLOW.

"Yessir," said the advertisement man.

"And send a copy of it to be inserted in all the other papers in town."

"Yessir."

THE VILLAIN IN THE PLAY.

BALLADE.

DARK browed, and threatening his eye,
He lives to gratify his hate;
He makes the little children cry
Whene'er his pearly molars grate;
The wife's blonde tresses turn to grey;
Relentless he as e'er was Fate,
The deep-dyed villain in the play.

He slyly drugs the hero's rye,
Then steals the banker's famous plate,
And deftly proves an alibi
Which well-paid pals corroborate;
The hero's dragged to gaol's estate,
The wife toils on her meagre pay
And calls him "Traitor!" "Reprobate!"
The deep-dyed villain in the play.

He only laughs: "I hold ace high,
The game is mine, though you may prate!"
But retribution soon draws nigh;
Betrayed by false confederate,
For prison he's a candidate.
But off the stage, I'm pleased to say,
He's not the least a profligate,
The deep-dyed villain in the play.

L'ENVOI.

To prove this fact I might relate
Of how, with babe 'neath teething sway,
He walked the floor this morn till eight,
The deep-dyed villain in the play!

JOHNNY'S LITTLE POEM.

A SMALL orator made his *debût* in front of a large audience at a club the other night, and it is safe to predict that he will not follow further in the footsteps of Demosthenes after his recent experiences. His deluded but loving family who had egged him on to this sacrifice, were with him in the dressing-room. His age being seven, they wanted to be sure that his curls did not fall over his eyes and obscure his view of his mother, father, aunt, uncles, and cousins, in reserved seats directly in front.

"Now, Johnny," said the mother, "be sure you make a nice bow."

"Rather," said Johnny with a swagger.

"And let your hands hang easily by your side, like this," and his father struck an attitude.

"Of course," assented Johnny.

"Are you sure you know your piece," asked his sister, anxious to have him succeed.

"Yes," said Johnny, and he recited the first two lines:

"I wish I had a little dog
To pat him on the head."

"That's right; he'll do splendidly," remarked his mother. "You'll go on in a minute now, and we must get into our seats. Don't be afraid in the slightest degree, Johnny."

"What's there to be afraid of?" asked Johnny, who began to feel a sinking of the knees, while his heart seemed to rise as if it were in his mouth; and then somebody was pushing him forward, and he saw a lot of faces, not one of which he had ever seen before, and it was lighter than any electric searchlight he had ever seen.

"Speak up, now," said the manager of the entertainment. "Make your bow and say your piece."

Johnny made his bow, and the audience applauded, but he had a difficulty in finding his tongue, which seemed lost in the roof of his mouth. His hands hung down as his father had suggested, making him look like a little wooden doll, and when he forgot and stuffed them into his pockets, the audience again applauded. The manager took that opportunity for a stage whisper:

"Speak up, now," and he began with the first line. Then Johnny said in a strange, hoarse voice:

"I wish I had a little dog
To head him on the pat."

Roars of laughter and frantic demonstrations on the part of Johnny's family.

He began again:

"I wish I had a little head
To pat him on the dog."

His father rose in his seat, but this only added to Johnny's confusion.

Again the brave boy essayed:

"I wish I had a little pat
To dog him on the head."

Then a weary family took Johnny by the hand and led him home.

FOR YOUR CHILDREN TO READ.

IF your little girls want to be genuinely amused this hot weather, I can recommend a really funny pennyworth. Get a copy of *Girls* and read "Farmyard Sketches," appearing in it this week. The cocks and hens, I can assure you, are delightful company, and Miss Duck's story will certainly amuse them.

SOMETHING NICE.

A GENTLEMAN heard that a young girl—whose mother was in poor circumstances—was recovering from a dangerous illness. Forthwith he went to a fruiterer's, and secured some choice bunches of hothouse grapes at about 7s. or 8s. a pound.

He carried them, not without some self-satisfaction, to the house of the invalid, and left them with her mother, who received them in a dubious kind of manner that did not evince, as he thought, much gratitude.

This did not trouble him greatly, however, but the next day when he called he received a blow which almost made him resolve never again to be generous to strangers.

"How did your daughter like the grapes?" he said to the grim and undemonstrative matron.

"Oh, pretty well," was the reluctant reply.

"Did she eat them all?" was the next query.

"Yes, she got away with them," was the reply. "She is a good deal like me—she is very fond of tinned fruits."

AMERICA'S ONLY KING.

PROBABLY not one person in a hundred is aware of the existence of such a State as the Mosquito Coast, and yet, in one way, it stands unique, being the only country on the American continent governed by a monarchy.

The present King, His Majesty George William Albert Handy, to give him the benefit of his full name, is described as a remarkably intelligent old fellow, and although the colour of his skin plainly points to his Indian nationality there is a faintly discernible leaven of white about his countenance.

The King is a family man, and usually spends the greater part of his days in quiet contentment at his palace at Bluefields, surrounded by his wife, mother, and grandmother.

Although his word was law in every case in dispute amongst his people, the not very onerous State duties were left almost entirely in the hands of an American named Cuthbert. He always had a great opinion of his dominions, and showed his admiration for this country by christening his wife after Her Majesty, and drinking English pale ale with his meals.

Great Britain, France, and almost every European country have recognised his sovereignty, and although the United States have always persisted in calling him "Chief of the Mosquito Coast," the latter country, supported by Great Britain, have done much to preserve the integrity of the kingdom and guard it against Nicaraguan intrigues.

The latter Republic has always held a sort of suzerainty over his Majesty, who, up to a short time back, received an annual allowance from it, and by its aid King George William Albert Handy managed to live a very calm and peaceful, if unexciting, existence.

But, alas! trouble has overtaken the dusky monarch. The Nicaraguan Government, who for many years past have been paying the annual tribute somewhat grudgingly, have refused point blank to disburse further, and the King, thinking, no doubt, that discretion is the better part of valour, has temporarily forsaken his country and settled in Jamaica, claiming the protection of John Bull.

As the annual pension alluded to was the outcome of a treaty signed between Great Britain and the United States on the one part and Nicaragua on the other, complications are feared, especially as our own bountiful country is generously providing the exiled King with something like 30s. a day pocket-money until the Republic is forced to relent from its present position.

A few particulars about the dominion of this remarkable King may be interesting. There are 2,000 souls all told under His Majesty's sway, and 500 of these reside in Bluefields, the capital town. The country is separated from Nicaragua by a chain of mountains, and the ancestors of the present inhabitants were once feared all over South America. In fact, the only Indian tribes which the Spaniards were unable to subdue were the Mosquitoes and Araucanians of Chili.

"MY wife is rearing Bobby very carefully; when he is disobedient he goes to bed without his dinner."

"Isn't that rather severe?"

"No; she always carries his dinner up to him."

PROOF POSITIVE.—"Are you sure these corsets are unbreakable?" asked the doubting customer.

"I have been wearing a pair myself for a year," said the shop-girl, "and it isn't broken yet. And," she continued blushing, "I'm engaged."

PART OF THE TIME.—"You and Jack sit next to each other in school, don't you, Willie?"

"Part of the time."

"Only a part."

"Yes, sir. Jack's standing in the corner most of the time."

"And what do you do then?"

"Oh, I generally stand in the other corner."

No girl should think of starting on her holidays without the current number of GIRLS, which contains a delightful description of "Seaside Treasures."

WHAT THE QUEEN GIVES AWAY.

THE REASON WHY SOME OF HER MAJESTY'S CHEQUES ARE SO SMALL.

SINCE the day of her accession, Queen Victoria has always shown that she had a will of her own, and that she was quite capable of transacting her business, whatever that business might be. In nothing has this been shown more strikingly than in the fashion in which have been managed Her Majesty's charities.

Both George IV. and the Queen's immediate predecessor were lavishly generous on occasion, but they were always in that disagreeable condition known as being "hard-up," and accordingly, it need hardly be said that nothing like organised Royal charity could be attempted by them.

Queen Victoria, brought up in a severely simple manner, and in a household often reduced to real straits for want of money, knew well the value of each coin of the realm. Her first act on becoming Queen was to pay off her father's debts, for, above all, she is a just woman, and has never cared to be praised for her generosity rather than for her justice.

Every European sovereign excepting the Queen-Empress of Great Britain and India has what may be styled a charity allowance; that is to say, much of their yearly budget is set aside to be given away.

Even the President of the French Republic has this matter regulated for him according to precedent, but the question of how much shall be given away in the Queen's name and out of her private and official incomes is here left entirely to the sovereign's discretion, and it must be admitted that Her Majesty has solved the thorny problem with good feeling and good taste.

People are sometimes astonished at the comparative smallness of Victoria's cheques. She very rarely gives more than £100 to any charity, however deserving. On the other hand, no week goes by without the announcement being made that "Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant a donation of £10 to——"

Again, it not unfrequently happens that a welcome gift of money will find its way from Her Majesty's Private Secretary to the widow of some brave soldier, sailor, or railway-man who has died at his post, leaving a destitute family. But, as is natural, hundreds of such applications are forwarded every week to Court, and it is by no means easy to winnow the corn from the chaff.

Her Majesty is rather proud of the fact that she is the only member of her very large family who has not been victimised innumerable times by begging-letter imposters. Till within the last few years the Royal Family were one and all recklessly good-natured in the matter of answering appeals, and almost any impudent beggar could rely on at least one donation from Princes and Princesses of blood royal.

Now, however, the secretaries of Royal personages avail themselves extensively of the help of the Charity Organisation Society; and the begging-letter writer has to aim somewhat lower down before he can bag his prey.

But it is an interesting fact that no really deserving case is ever passed by without anxious consideration, and the Prince of Wales has on more than one occasion, to the present writer's knowledge, exerted himself successfully to procure a pension for those brought to destitution by entirely undeserved misfortune.

Her Majesty is fond of the old-fashioned round sum of fifty guineas; she contributed that amount to the Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution on the occasion of its completing its fiftieth year of existence, and her annual subscription to many London and county hospitals takes that form.

In the old days, when the Queen and Prince Albert frequently visited their Royal and Imperial relations and neighbours on the Continent, a considerable proportion of Her Majesty's private income had to be set aside for that most useless form of charity—and what else can it be called?—tips.

With great good sense the Queen did not make the slightest attempt to emulate the then Emperor of Russia, who, after being at Windsor and in London for one week left £40,000 as bails. But still, the British Royal Family's visit to the Emperor and Empress of the French occasioned a disbursement of £10,000, entirely spent in the fashion above indicated; and the Queen never visited her beloved husband's early home at Coburg without leaving very generous proofs of her presence at all the charitable institutions of the town.

The poor at Nice, and, indeed, all over the South of France, look on Queen Victoria as their benefactress, for each year, after staying in their midst, she has caused £120 to be sent to the Mayor of Nice for the poor of the town, and she also caused a further sum to be distributed among the charitable institutions of the Province.

It occasionally happens that people compare unfavourably Her Majesty's modest donations with those occasionally given by wealthy commoners, but it should be remembered that a Sovereign cannot afford to make favourites; no doubt the Queen's heart would naturally incline to certain forms of charity, but even if this be so, she cannot be supposed to care more for one class of her subjects than for another.

Queen Victoria has on many occasions contributed very handsomely to Mansion House funds, her latest donation of this kind being one of £500 to the Indian Famine Fund. Indeed, it has been computed that in this form alone her gifts to the needy of the nation have amounted to over £10,000.

Few people realise that a £10 cheque from Queen Victoria goes very much further than does most people's money, owing to the simple fact that it is considered a guarantee of the soundness of the institution to which the money has been sent.

A cheque signed by Her Majesty's Comptroller of the Household does bring to the fortunate recipients a whole flock of those valuable strips of paper by which all the business of the English speaking world is now conducted.

It is scarcely necessary to touch on the question of Her Majesty's yearly doles to the poor of Windsor, or of the many generous gifts lavished by her on her dependents at Balmoral and Osborne, for these cannot be considered charity in the usual sense of the word. On the other hand, one very useful form of giving was really first initiated in the Royal household, and has now spread from thence to many large establishments; that is, the habit of sending cast-off linen to the hospitals.

As most people who have had anything to do with nursing are aware, the finest of new linen cannot compare with even an inferior quality when the latter has been in constant use for some time.

A propos of one of the quaintest forms of her Majesty's charity, that of the dole of £3 usually awarded to the proud parents of triplets, there is a very general but erroneous impression that this dole is compulsory, in other words, that the Queen has no choice in the matter. This is a great mistake; the benefaction is purely personal. Still, there has not yet been a case on record when her Majesty has refused to conform to the custom, given, of course, that the recipients were honest, hard-working folk.

As is perhaps natural when we consider her many descendants, Queen Victoria has always taken a very special interest in all that concerns babies and children. For many years she took very constant notice of many institutions specially devoted to their care and welfare, and when her own children were young people, large parcels of beautiful baby clothes and other comfortable little garments would be dispatched periodically to Maternity and Children's hospitals.

Perhaps one word should be said about Her Majesty's practical interest in her Colonial and Indian Empire. It will be quite a mistake to suppose that Her Majesty limits her charity to the British Isles. On the contrary, though duties of that kind are necessarily taken over to a great degree by her viceroys and governors, the name of the Queen figures in many Colonial and Indian charities among the list of subscribers.

This is especially true in the event of some public calamity, for Queen Victoria, notwithstanding her shrewd sense and wide knowledge of the world, has retained a very tender heart, and nothing appeals to her more than a story of wide-spread distress.

CANINE CALISTHENICS.—Miss Primrose: "Don't you ever give your dog any exercise?"

Miss Hollyhock (fondling a fat pug-dog): "Of course; I feed him with chocolates every few minutes, just to make him wag his tail."

WHAT SHE DID.—Mrs. Stingy: "Oh, Clarissa, I saw such a sad thing to-day; a poor woman with a baby, shivering out in the cold, singing along the street. I never beheld anything so pitiful before in my life."

Clarrissa (breathlessly): "Yes, aunt; what did you do?"

Mrs. Stingy (sighing): "Well, my dear, I was so upset that I had to go and have a cup of tea."

PERSONS who believe in luck and signs will doubtless agree that it is unlucky to be struck by lightning on Monday, or take hold of a circular saw in motion on Tuesday, or tumble downstairs with a coal-scuttle on Wednesday, or to be hit by a tram-car on Thursday, or fall overboard on Friday, or marry on Saturday a girl who swings ten pound dumb-bells, or be one of the thirteen to dinner on Sunday with only enough food for ten.

A LAND WITHOUT BARMAIDS.

IT will probably come as news to most people that there is one European country where women are not allowed to act as barmaids. If you want to know which country this is, get *The Sunday Reader*, now ready, price one penny, and you will find an article on this subject. *The Sunday Reader* still maintains its place as the most interesting of all papers for Sunday reading. Here are some of the contents of this week's number:

"A Ship in a Church:" the strangest ornament in a sacred building; "Eggs in a Collection Plate;" "Westminster Abbey Built on an Island;" "A Funeral that cost £140,000;" and "Mr. Moody and the Babies."

The Queen and the Archbishop of Canterbury have both accepted copies of *The Sunday Reader*, and express their thanks for this journal.

EVERY THURSDAY. THE SUNDAY READER. PRICE 1d.

HUSBANDS WITH SECRET PROFESSIONS.

THE DECEPTIONS THAT SOME MEN PRACTISE.

IT is proverbially stated that a woman will believe anything. Certainly she is more credulous in most respects than a man, and the latter has in more than one instance taken inexcusable advantage of his wife's weakness.

A woman who had always believed her husband to be a stockbroker was strangely deceived a short time ago, when he was arrested on the charge of carrying on a gambling den in a shady part of the Metropolis, and it came out that he had been at the game for many years past. And yet during the whole of the time nothing had reached his wife's ears to lead her to suspect his true business, she always believing that he was a respected broker on the Exchange.

Most people will admit that there is certainly a slight difference between an actor and a street reciter. A man who followed the latter calling informed his wife that he was on the boards, and she naturally believed him, until in an unguarded moment he gave the game away.

He told her he was playing a part at a well-known theatre, and out of curiosity she decided to go and see what her husband really did. He was not there, of course, and, becoming suspicious, she followed him one morning, and then saw him choose his pitch in a side street and spout the "Charge of the Light Brigade," afterwards taking his hat round for contributions.

A man who had always given out that he was butler to a well-known baronet had an awkward experience lately. Of course, he had deceived his wife and friends in this respect, for he was nothing more than a waiter at a certain West-end restaurant. What was his surprise, when on one occasion, in the busiest time of the day, he saw his wife enter, take her place at a table and scan the menu, and the worst of it all was that that table came within his attendance.

What should he do? Quick as thought he asked another waiter to attend to the lady, as it happened, so he explained, that she was a former landlady whom he owed a small sum of money.

The man readily agreed to perform this trifling service, and it was with a feeling of relief that shortly afterwards he saw his wife take her departure from the café, quite unaware that her deceiving husband, with great drops of perspiration on his brow, was hiding behind the grill the whole of the time.

The young man, who in order to favour his suit with his adored one and father, gives a false idea of his means and position, can almost be excused, although he may be soundly rated by his wife afterwards, who, when too late, suddenly finds she must live on half that which she had expected.

A hard-working grocer's assistant in love with a girl considerably above his position found that unless he performed a deception as regards his position he stood no chance of gaining his desire. So he told all and sundry that he held a good position in a certain large bank, a deception which he could easily practice, seeing that he lived a number of miles from his place of employment.

Nothing leaked out until after his marriage, when he candidly explained to his wife his true position, and the reasons for his deception. It is pleasing to know that the unlooked for revelation made no effect on his wife's affection, whose only worry was as to what her father would say!

There is really not much difference between a bookmaker and a stockbroker, seeing they both gamble in different directions, although there is certainly a difference in the social standing of the two.

A gentleman, who keeps up a large establishment in a suburb of Brighton is believed by his wife to be an enterprising stockbroker, whose extensive business very often causes him to be away for weeks together. How little she dreams that these days are spent on the racecourse, where, along with other bookmakers, he may be seen taking money as quickly as possible from his clients.

Many wives unfortunately, possess husbands who squander a fair proportion of their earnings in drink, and in cases like this many of the latter will perform a host of deceptions in order that they might obtain more money to satisfy their unquenchable thirsts.

At present there is a man who is earning something like £5 a week as a commercial traveller, but tells his wife that he is a clerk at a salary less than half that sum. Consequently his home possesses very few comforts, but that does not concern the selfish husband, who spends his evenings in the public-house or billiard-room, squandering money which ought to be devoted to his wife and family.

Another gentleman of the same stamp tried a similar little game upon his wife, who, however, was a little too sharp for him. It came to her knowledge that he was earning a salary far larger than he would have her believe, and she bethought a plan whereby matters could be equalised to a certain extent.

She instructed all her tradespeople to send in their accounts monthly, and abolished her plan of paying cash down for everything she had. Consequently her husband was forced to meet the bills, for his wife informed him, with a triumphant gleam in her eye, that it was a matter of impossibility for her to do so.

Do you know that Westminster Abbey is built on an island? There is an article on this subject in this week's SUNDAY READER.

EYES WILL DISAPPEAR.

STRANGE experiments are about to be tried on certain animals at a Parisian subterranean laboratory which was inaugurated recently at the Jardin des Plantes. The creatures are to be placed in this underground catacomb, and deprived of all light, with the object of noting the slow transformation which it is expected they will undergo under their changed condition of life.

The underground passage where this interesting experiment is to be made is believed to date from Roman times, and was discovered last year by a leading French scientist. Access is gained by a number of stone steps, which lead down until the principal room is reached.

Scattered about the latter are hundreds of stone tables on which may be seen standing many huge bottles and reservoirs continually supplied with fresh water, in which are dozens of fish of all kinds. Then there are numerous cages containing rats, monkeys, and other animals.

It has been found that after a few weeks' confinement the animals startle at the least light, and at once flee into a dark recess. They lose the use of the eye, whilst antennæ or feelers become developed. Unfortunately, scientific men up to the present have only been able to observe these extreme types—the nominally constituted animal, and the cave-dwellers. No intermediary type is known.

The establishment of the subterranean laboratory of the Jardin des Plantes, will, it is hoped, permit of the "creation" of these intermediary types.

THE HUMOURS OF BARGAIN SALES.

BY A SHOP ASSISTANT.

THE firm whom it is my honour to serve, in common with other shops, make a big feature of their clearance sales, which, by judicious advertising, attract a large proportion of the women of the locality. Half-an-hour before the time of opening, members of the fair sex may be seen flattening their noses against the windows in which most of our show articles are artistically displayed.

And when the bolts are drawn back and the doors thrown open, the good ladies scramble and fight to get to the counter first, quite unaware, that most of the articles were being sold at exactly the same price a week previously.

All woman's best characteristics are forgotten in the fierce fight after bargains. The best-tempered lady in the ordinary way loses her self-command on these auspicious occasions. She will quarrel, snatch, and almost fight before giving in to a neighbour whose fancy has been attracted by the self-same article, and the continual bustle and chatter of the ladies almost drive us poor assistants off our heads.

Once I saw a woman take up a bonnet from the counter in order to try it on, but she was scarcely quick enough, for another bargain hunter had laid hold of the strings at the same moment, and promptly jerked it out of her hands. You should have heard how these two women went for one another, and finally neither of the combatants had the bonnet, which was thrown back again on the counter much the worse for the rough usage it had received.

Another peculiarity about the lady bargain-hunter: Until she has paid her money at the desk one can never be certain that she will keep an article she has selected.

She may have nursed a "certain" bargain with jealous care for half-an-hour, to prevent, I suppose, anybody else seeing it, and then suddenly drop it for some later fancy.

Of course women's mania for bargains is taken advantage of to a great extent by all shopkeepers, who, by judicious altering of figures, manage to dispose of much old stock at the same prices charged during the season.

It is a remarkable thing that many women will eagerly purchase one of these bogus "bargains," whilst they will turn up their nose at really genuine reductions.

For instance, I remember a case where a lady persisted in having a certain mantle brought from the shop window. The sale price of this article was two guineas, but somehow or other the ticket from a more expensive article fell upon it. I scarcely thought it my place to mention the fact to the lady, especially as she seemed to be peculiarly satisfied with her purchase, so I let the good lady pay no less than four guineas for a mantle that could be obtained anywhere for half the sum.

But the unbusinesslike instincts of this lady must be excused; it was a sale, and the fair sex do not appear to their best advantage on such occasions.

MISERIES OF SUBURBAN LIFE.—Mrs. Smith: "You are very late to-night. Supper was ready two hours ago."

Mr. Suburb: "Yes; I missed the 5.17 train, and had to take the 5.19."

Mrs. S.: "But that is only two minutes."

Mr. S.: "Yes, my dear; but the 5.17 comes straight through, and the 5.19 stops at one hundred and seventy-three stations before it gets here."

A DEALER IN BACK NUMBERS.

PROBABLY many readers have, at some time of their existence, experienced an immense trouble in procuring a back number of a certain paper to complete the set for binding purposes. It may possibly be news to them to know that there is a man in London who does an immense business in the supply of back numbers, and one may be pretty sure that if he cannot supply a paper of the desired date you will be unable to get it anywhere.

The name of this enterprising dealer is Mr. Humphrys, and his store-rooms of papers and periodicals are indeed one of the sights of London. Piles upon piles of magazines and periodicals of all descriptions—religious, sensational, and general—may be seen upon the shelves, arranged so systematically that a hand can be laid on a paper of any date at a moment's notice.

"You see," said Mr. Humphrys, "in what direction my trade lies. Subscribers to magazines and periodicals often lose or forget to procure certain numbers, and consequently, when they come to be bound the volume is found to be incomplete. They write to the publisher, who probably cannot supply them, and, consequently, the idea of preserving the literature in volume form is given up. Such people should communicate with me, and it is very probable that I may be able to satisfy them at a nominal price.

"As you can see, my store-rooms are very extensive, and I have hundreds of copies of THE TIMES and similar publications for many years back. I find that there is always a certain amount of rush for newspapers containing an account of any important public ceremony. Even now I am constantly receiving orders for copies of THE TIMES and other newspapers containing reports of the Tower Bridge opening proceedings.

"I should like you to see the letters comprising my morning post. Numbers of almost every magazine, newspaper, or periodical published in the British Isles are required, and these are invariably attended to and sent off the same day. It may interest you to know that back numbers of *P.W.* are always in demand, and that no fewer than three hundred booksellers and publishers are always in direct communication with me."

HIS WAY OF SMOKING GLASS.—Murphy: "Well, this bates the divil, all out."

Mrs. Murphy: "Fwat does?"

Murphy: "Dooley tole me that if I shmoked a piece of glass, I'd be able to see the sphots on the sun. Sure ain't I fairly kilt wid thrying to make me pipe draw? 'Tis the way, I'm thinking, that either I haven't the right kind of glass, or else Dooley's been fooling me!"

MR. YOUNGVERISOPHT: "You are as fair to me as yonder silv'ry moon."

Miss Lerned: "What do you mean by such an insult?"

Mr. Youngverisopht: "Why—why—what have I said?"

Miss Lerned (relenting): "After all, possibly you are not aware that the face of the moon is covered with volcanic eruptions."

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Issued under Section 34 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

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PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature

N.B. Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagents' receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Available from 5 p.m. on Friday, July 16th, 1897, until Midnight, Saturday, July 24th, 1897. *(See column 2, page 27.)*

MORTALS WHO LOVE THE COLD.

WHILST the majority of people are quite content with the brief spell of cold weather which visits this country every year, there are several individuals who view the approach of spring with positive dismay.

Situated close to the summit of a certain mountain in Scotland is a little cottage inhabited by a solitary old white-haired man. Almost throughout the year his dwelling, if not absolutely frozen in, is bitterly cold, and yet the eccentric tenant never has a fire once throughout the year.

But this seemingly does not satisfy his cravings after cold, for tins of ice are to be always found stored within his study. The old man has scarcely known an illness, and possesses an enormous appetite.

In a certain eastern county there lives a lady, who, until five years ago had spent the whole of her life in Canada.

She is another cold enthusiast. Throughout her house numerous baths are constructed, and the lady gratifies her desire for iciness by continually plunging into cold water.

An eccentric workman residing in the East-end of London glories in the cold so far as to sleep out of doors whenever the police will let him, and friends have known him on the occasion of a fall of snow to pick up the flakes and rub them eagerly all over his face and hands.

This individual also makes a practice of taking his holidays in the middle of winter, when he endeavours to revel in bitterly cold weather for at least a week.

HOW CYCLISTS MAY AVOID ACCIDENTS.

THE great Zimmerman has been telling *P.W.* how the intrepid cyclist may enjoy himself on his machine throughout the season without obtaining the slightest accident or mishap. He thinks, however, that in the majority of cases the machine is more to blame than the cyclist, who, provided that he has a fair amount of practice, should feel as much at home on the saddle as on the ground.

When the wheel is at fault the accident is invariably more serious, so that all cyclists should be most particular when purchasing a machine, otherwise it is probable that they may get hold of one with faulty or imperfect wheels. A careful survey of the machine, too, should be made before setting out for a journey. There may be a loose nut, or lack of oil, or probably the bearings may require adjustment.

Then, again, the cyclist should keep in continual remembrance that he is not the only man using the road, but that there are hundreds of others whom he must consider. Quite a number of riders are upset through the carelessness of one individual, who, riding in all unconscious glory, comes a cropper against another man's machine, resulting in a total collapse of both men and machines.

No man should risk a long run unless he feels himself to be perfect master of his machine. A certain proportion of people think they know all as soon as they have learnt the simplest rudiments of the art.

One of the greatest dangers on the roads frequented by cyclists is the "Cycling Idiot." He will ride with his hands hanging by his side, scorch on the wrong side, or, with head almost on the handle-bars, ride blindly in and out of vehicles and pedestrians alike. You may see him anywhere, and all sensible cyclists should give him a wide berth.

A cyclist must above all things be resourceful. A moment's indecision on his part may mean a collision or other accident. Decide quickly and act quickly, and fewer mishaps will be the result.

Another thing riders should bear in mind, and that is in regard to likely dangers from carts and vehicles. In cases of this kind the best plan is to dismount, no matter who may be in the wrong, for after all safety is worth more than the satisfaction of proving the case. Quick dismounting is easily accomplished with a little practice.

Riders should not bring their machines too close to the kerb. Any number of accidents take place yearly through machines colliding in this way. Allow a berth of at least six feet from the path, and in passing a vehicle always ride round it, and under no circumstances attempt to pass on the inner side. A cart or other vehicle may swerve at any moment, and you should be prepared for it.

Finally, no learner should test his skill on a highway which has any kind of traffic. He is not only a danger to himself, but to everybody else, especially to riders, who on coming across one of these species should promptly dismount.

THEY DID THEIR BEST.—"We cannot claim that our baking-powder is absolutely pure," said the canvasser; "such a thing as absolute purity is impossible. We do our best, however. For instance, we threw away a hundredweight tin last week because it was discovered that one of our workmen had carelessly made a chalk mark on the inside of the tin before the powder was put in."

The grocer surrendered.

There have been many costly funerals. This week's SUNDAY READER tells of one upon which was expended no less than £140,000.

WEDDING PRESENTS ON HIRE.

"ONE of the latest things in economy is the hiring instead of buying of wedding presents," said a West-end silversmith and jeweller, in the course of a conversation with *P.W.* "It started in a small way two years ago, and has steadily developed until now, when it may be considered quite a recognised thing.

"Of course, it originated in the common desire to make a big show before friends, for which there is no better opportunity than a wedding. We send out a surprising quantity of goods to be exhibited as presents; indeed, we turn over more money in this way than we do in the ordinary course of business with wedding gifts, although we do perhaps as much in that line as any firm in London.

"Who hires the presents? Oh, the bride's parents, generally speaking; occasionally the bride herself does it; and we have lent wedding presents up to the value of £16,000, and to some of the best families in England, too.

"We have a big set of dinner knives and forks, in a handsome case, which was originally priced at £45. In the last two years we have made over £90 by letting this out on hire, and still have it almost as good as new, so we have no occasion to grumble with this remarkable scheme.

"I need not tell you that we protect ourselves thoroughly. We insure every article before it is lent, and require to be paid the full value of the article, for the time being, and in the event of its being lost, or unreturned, this money is forfeited."

THE SALARIES OF RULERS.

THE United States pay, it is known, £10,000 a year to the President of the Republic of 75,000,000 people. The King of Portugal, the ruler of a country having a population of only 4,500,000, receives each year £177,000.

The President of the Federal Council of Switzerland receives for his more or less valuable services in that Republic of 3,000,000 inhabitants £600 a year, whereas the King of Saxony, who is, in fact, a King in name only, the more important affairs of Saxony being controlled and directed from Berlin, receives a salary of £147,000.

The population of Saxony is not materially larger than that of Switzerland. In area, Saxony covers 5,700 square miles, and Switzerland nearly 16,000.

The President of the Republic of France receives an annual allowance of 600,000 francs, which is equivalent to £25,000, but he has an additional allowance for expenses.

France is a nation of nearly 60,000,000 inhabitants, colonies included, and the President of the French Republic exercises legal jurisdiction over 3,600,000 square miles of territory.

The Emperor of Austria, who rules over a territory one-eighteenth as large, receives in a year £775,000.

The King of Sweden and Norway, within whose domains 6,700,000 inhabitants reside, has £115,000 a year salary. The King of Belgium, who ostensibly directs the destiny of the people of that populous and prosperous country, receives £132,000, while the ruler of the Netherlands receives only £60,000, though the populations of the Dutch Colonies in various parts of the world is nearly 30,000,000.

It is a somewhat peculiar fact that Germany, now one of the three great empires of the world, Great Britain and Russia being the two others, pays it Kaiser no salary. The German Emperor draws pay only as King of Prussia. The Empire gives him annually £75,000 to be spent in presents for needy subjects, and £4,400 for the salaries of his adjutants. The rest comes from Prussia.

The Russian Emperor has a state income of almost £1,800,000 a year, besides drawing several millions more as chief of the house of Romanoff.

The King of Italy enjoys an annual stipend of £571,600.

One of the most favoured of the monarchs of Europe is the King of Greece, who, though the ruler over a country of only 2,000,000 inhabitants, receives a salary of £52,000 a year.

The King of Roumania gets £46,000 and the King of Servia £48,000.

Great Britain pays to Queen Victoria £385,000, exclusive of the payments made to the members of the Royal Family and their relatives, and exclusive of the Queen's revenue from the Duchy of Lancaster.

DOCTOR: "I believe you have some sort of poison in your system."

Patient: "Shouldn't wonder. What was the last stuff you gave me?"

WHAT KEPT HIM.—Irate Mamma: "Goodness me! It's half-an-hour since I sent you round to the shop to get those things, and here you are back without them."

Little Dick "It was such a long time before my turn came to be waited on that I forgot what it was you wanted."

"Then why didn't you come home and find out?"

"I was afraid if I left I'd lose my turn."

JACK-TAR JOTTINGS.

Advantages of the Naval Service.

I KNOW of no other kind of employment which a lad can follow which will insure to him a pension of £1 a week when he retires at about the age of forty. I recently met a man who served in the Navy as a mechanic, and is, and has been for many years, in receipt of a pension of £53 a year. He is still able to work, and thus earns an additional £1 a week, making a regular income of over £100 a year, £53 of which he will continue to draw as long as he lives, so that he has no cause for any anxiety. Moreover, if a man sticks to the Navy until he is fifty or fifty-five, and by ability and attention to duty rises to be a chief gunner, boatswain, or carpenter, he may receive over £3 a week pension when he retires. This is a large sum, when it is remembered that the men are equipped for their life-work when mere boys at practically no expense to their parents, the State giving them the training that enables them to rise.

The Gun Power of the Spithead Fleet.

ONE other reference to the great Spithead review before it passes into history. An ingenious calculation has been made of the huge gun power of twenty-one of the most modern battleships and the forty-four cruisers assembled in the Solent if they fired for only ten consecutive minutes. The energy developed would equal over 128,000,000 foot-tons. Let me put the matter in another form. The Great Pyramid has a base hidden in sand 764ft. square and is 480ft. high; it contains 100,000,000 cubic feet of stone and syenite, and weighs eight and a half million tons. Nevertheless the gun power developed by the guns of these sixty-five modern warships would—in ten minutes—lift the Great Pyramid of Cheops 15ft. above the level of the sands of Memphis. Yet the Great Pyramid is eight and a half times heavier than the combined Russian and French Fleets, and many times heavier than the British Fleet reviewed by the Prince of Wales.

Advertising the Navy.

THOSE who visited the Naval Exhibition in 1891 may remember the performance of the naval operetta, "The Voyage of H.M.S. *Albacore*." It has no plot, but is merely a representation of life on a warship, with many rollicking songs and choruses, and, acted almost entirely by sailors—officers, seamen and boys—it proved a great success. It has been repeated at Portsmouth and Plymouth several times, and what attracts in a naval seaport, where everyone is familiar with the conditions of life on a man-of-war, would be very welcome in inland towns, most of whose inhabitants know little or nothing about Navy vessels. If only as a spectacle the performances would give immense pleasure and would increase the interest in the Navy, and a right appreciation of its important work in guarding our coasts and colonies and food supplies means that no Government in the future would have the courage to neglect our first line of defence again, as occurred for years previous to 1889.

How the Navy is Slighted.

IT is a strange anomaly that in these days of naval enthusiasm the sea service should be so often slighted. If a naval officer or seaman does a gallant action and is recommended for the Albert Medal, it by no means follows that he will get it. The First Lord of the Admiralty will forward an application to the Board of Trade, but in many cases the Board of Trade refuses to accept the recommendation, and there is no medal. Similiarly, the First Lord of the Admiralty is not a Secretary of State, and if he thinks a naval officer should be decorated by the Queen, he cannot make a recommendation direct, but has to make it through the Secretary of State for War; that is the senior service, our first line of defence is subordinated to the military service, and the result is that Naval officers get comparatively few of the coveted decorations with which the Army List is so liberally sprinkled. At Court there is the same neglect of the Naval Service; in fact, it is found in all places where authority is vested.

Naval Sentries.

THEN there is another way in which the Navy is slighted. Whenever sentry duty has to be done, it falls to the lot of a soldier to do it, whether it be outside the Admiralty or to pace to and fro before the official residences of the naval commanders-in-chief at Portsmouth, Devonport, or Chatham. Sentry work is not particularly pleasant work, either in the depth of winter or in the sultry days of summer; but it is a slight on the Navy to refuse to the bluejacket the right of acting as sentry to his superior officers, and the public have probably an idea that there are no smart men in the naval service, or that Jack cannot handle a rifle decently. As a matter of fact, Jack has shown over and over again that he is a good marksman, and, despite his sea legs, he can march well and is as smart as any man in Her Majesty's service. There is no reason why bluejackets should not do sentry duty outside the Admiralty buildings, just as there are Lifeguardsmen at the Horse Guards. There might also be one or two modern warships moored in the Thames, so that Londoners might sometimes be reminded of the existence of the Navy.

FOUR POUNDS FOR A NEWSPAPER.

AFTER the first retreat of the Greek Army in the recent war, the whole of the communications round Trikala, with both the interior and the capital, were completely cut off, and the inhabitants were consequently in a state of great anxiety as to what was going on.

Nearly a week elapsed without news of any kind reaching the town. Not a single letter had been delivered, and the excitement of the people was at its height when a milkman from Larissa arrived in the market place at Trikala.

A crowd soon gathered round him, eager for the news, but the milkman, who happened to have in his pocket the latest number of an Athens newspaper—the ACROPOLIS—being of a business turn of mind, at once saw that he could make some profit out of the news he carried, and accordingly determined to sell it. Thousands of persons were longing to handle the precious paper, but the milkman, with a sour smile, rising on his seat exclaimed:

"Not so hasty, my friends; not so hasty. I am willing to sell the paper, but I must have 100 drachmas (£4 in paper money) for it."

"We will buy it!" answered the crowd, and a collection was forthwith made amongst those present, with the result that the 100 drachmas were speedily secured. The paper was at once purchased, and one of the crowd, mounted on a chair, proceeded to read to the gathering.

The wily milkman thus obtained for a crumpled copy of a newspaper more money than he would have earnt by selling fifty cans of milk.

"SO FAR, SO GOOD."

"So far, so good," as little Willie observed after he had emptied the first pot of jam.

"So far, so good," as the wasp said, after inserting seven-eighths of his little bayonet into the small but inquisitive boy, who was investigating the ground plan of the unsociable little insect's dwelling-place.

"So far, so good," as W. G. Grace said after driving the ball into the middle of next week, while he leisurely filled in his "century."

"So far, so good," as Queen Victoria said on the 22nd of June, after completing her glorious sixty years' reign.

"So far, so good," as the cyclist chortled gleefully, after "scorching" the first twenty miles in record time, and "so far, so good" echoed the tin-tack immediately afterwards, as it buried itself up to the head in his pneumatic tyre.

"So far, so good," as the competitor in our puzzle competition observed when he had solved the biggest half of the pictures.

["So far, so good." This is all very well at £2 2s. per column; but what on earth are you driving at? ED. *P.W.*]

"So far——" Ahem! Up to the present no fewer than 340,000 of the poorest little children of the slums and alleys of our great cities have taken part in the FRESH AIR FUND excursions, and have left behind for a whole day the hunger, the poverty, and gloom in which their lot is cast.

"So far, so good," but there are many times this number of children who have not participated in the treats, who have listened with rapt attention to the simple but vivid descriptions of their more fortunate little playmates.

We should like to take them all. We have hopes that in time the F.A.F. will grow and extend to every nook and corner of the United Kingdom, so that every poor child will have at least one day in the country, with plenty of good wholesome food.

For its age, the FRESH AIR FUND has done wonders. So far, so good! But we are not going to rest on our oars just yet. We mean to enlist the services of every reader of *P.W.* Our sincere thanks are due to those who have already contributed. Now then, all you who have not given, step forward, please.

If you cannot spare the ninepence required for one child's expenses send us 2½d., the price of a meat pie, and if this should be too much for you, don't be ashamed to send one penny. Don't think that we shall despise the humble little "brown"; every contribution will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged.

SHE: "Oh, Jack! Do you know Mr. Gibbon punctuated his tyre yesterday."

He: "You mean 'punctured' my dear."

She: "Well, anyway, he came to a full stop.

TALMAGE: "I have finally discovered why emigration is always towards the West?"

"Well, why is it?"

"Because the earth, you know, rotates towards the east, and the people are always trying to keep on top, of course."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

IN view of the fact that this number of *P.W.* goes to press a day after the closing of the "Word Picture Competition," it is impossible to give the result, many thousands of attempts having to be dealt with. This, however, will appear next week.

The modern girl does not leave the joys of exploration and travel to her father and brothers, she indulges in them herself. GIRLS this week gives a thrilling account of a girl traveller's experiences.

SERIAL STORY.

THE INVISIBLE MAN.*

A GROTESQUE ROMANCE.

BY H. G. WELLS.

Author of "The War of the Worlds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN DRURY LANE.

"BUT you begin now to realise," said the Invisible Man, "the full disadvantage of my condition. I had no shelter—no covering—to get clothing was to forego all my advantage to make of myself a strange and terrible thing. I was fasting; for to eat, to fill myself with unassimilated matter, would be to become grotesquely visible again."

"I never thought of that," said Kemp.

"Nor had I. And the snow had warned me of other dangers. I could not go abroad in snow—it would settle on me and expose me. Rain, too, would make me a watery outline, a glistening surface of a man—a bubble. And fog—I should be like a fainter bubble in a fog, a surface, a greasy glimmer of humanity. Moreover, as I went abroad—in the London air—I gathered dirt about my ankles, floating smuts and dust upon my skin. I did not know how long it would be before I should become visible from that cause also. But I saw clearly it could not be for long."

"Not in London at any rate."

"I went into the slums towards Great Portland Street, and found myself at the end of the street in which I had lodged. I did not go that way because of the crowd half way down it opposite to the still smoking ruins of the house I had fired. My most immediate problem was to get clothing. What to do with my face puzzled me. Then I saw in one of those little miscellaneous shops—news, sweets, toys, stationery, belated Christmas tomfoolery, and so forth—an array of masks and noses. I realised that problem was solved. In a flash I saw my cure. I turned about, no longer aimless, and went circuitously, in order to avoid the busy ways, towards the back streets north of the Strand; for I remembered, though not very distinctly where, that some theatrical costumiers had shops in that district.

"The day was cold, with a nipping wind down the northward running streets. I walked fast to avoid being overtaken. Every crossing was a danger, every passenger a thing to watch alertly. One man, as I was about to pass him at the top of Bedford Street, turned upon me abruptly and came into me, sending me into the road, and almost under the wheel of a passing hansom. The verdict of the cab-rank was that he had had some sort of stroke. I was so unnerved by this encounter that I went into Covent Garden Market and sat down for some time in a quiet corner by a stall of violets, panting and trembling. I found I had caught a fresh cold, and had to turn out after a time lest my sneezes should attract attention.

"At last I reached the object of my quest, a dirty, fly-blown little shop in a by-way near Drury Lane, with a window full of tinsel robes, sham jewels, wigs, slippers, dominoes, and theatrical photographs. The shop was old-fashioned and low and dark, and the house rose above it for four storeys, dark and dismal. I peered through the window, and, seeing no one within, entered. The opening of the door set a clanking bell ringing. I left it open, and walked round a bare costume stand, into a corner behind a cheval glass. For a minute or so no one came. Then I heard heavy feet striding across a room, and a man appeared down the shop.

"My plans were now perfectly definite. I proposed to make my way into the house, secret myself upstairs, watch my opportunity, and, when everything was quiet, rummage out a wig, mask, spectacles, and costume, and go into the world, perhaps a grotesque but still a credible figure. And, incidentally, of course, I could rob the house of any available money.

"The man who had entered the shop was a short, slight hunched, beetle-browed man with long arms and very short bandy legs. Apparently I had interrupted a meal. He stared about the shop with an expression of expectation. This gave way to surprise, and then anger, as he saw the shop empty. 'Confound the boys!' he said. He went to stare up and down the street. He came in again in a minute, kicked the door to with his foot spitefully, and went muttering back to the house door.

"I came forward to follow him, and at the noise of my movement he stopped dead. I did so, too, startled by his quickness of ear. He slammed the house door in my face.

"I stood hesitating. Suddenly I heard his quick footsteps returning, and the door reopened. He stood looking about the shop like one who was still not satisfied. Then, murmuring to himself, he examined the back of the counter and peered behind some fixtures. Then he stood doubtful. He had left the house door open, and I slipped into the inner room.

"It was a queer little room, poorly furnished, and with a number of big masks in the corner. On the table was his belated breakfast, and it was a confoundedly exasperating thing for me, Kemp, to have to sniff his coffee and stand watching while he came in and resumed his meal. And his table manners were irritating. Three doors opened into the little room, two going upstairs and one down, but they were all shut. I could not get out of the room while he was there. I could scarcely move because of his alertness, and there was a draught down my back. Twice I strangled a sneeze just in time.

"The spectacular quality of my sensations was curious and novel, but for all that I was heartily tired and angry long before he had done his eating. But at last he made an end, and putting his beggarly crockery on the black tin tray upon which he had had his teapot, and gathering all the crumbs up on the mustard-stained cloth, he took the whole lot of things after him. His burden prevented his shutting the door behind him as he would have done. I never saw such a man for shutting doors—and I followed him into a very dirty underground kitchen and scullery. I had the pleasure of seeing him begin to wash up, and then, finding no good in keeping down there, and the brick floor being cold to my feet, I returned upstairs and sat in his chair by the fire. It was burning low, and scarcely thinking, I put on a little coal. The noise of this brought him up at once, and he stood aglare. He peered about the room and was within an ace of touching me. Even after that examination he scarcely seemed satisfied. He stopped in the doorway and took a final inspection before he went down.

"I waited in the little parlour for an age, and at last he came up and opened the upstairs door. I just managed to get by him.

"On the staircase he stopped suddenly, so that I very nearly blundered into him. He stood looking back right into my face, and listening. 'I could have sworn,' he said. His long, hairy hand pulled at his lower lip; his eye went up and down the staircase. Then he grunted, and went on up again.

"His hand was on the handle of a door, and then he stopped again, with the same puzzled anger on his face. He was becoming aware of the faint sound of my movements about him. The man must have had diabolically acute hearing. He suddenly flashed into rage: 'If there's anyone in this house,' he cried, with an oath, and left the threat unfinished. He put his hand in his pocket, failed to find what he wanted, and, rushing past me, went blundering noisily and pugnaciously downstairs. But I did not follow him; I sat on the head of the staircase until his return.

"Presently he came up again, still muttering. He opened the door of the room, and, before I could enter, slammed it in my face.

"I resolved to explore the house, and spent some time in doing so as noiselessly as possible. The house was very old and tumbledown, damp, so that the paper in the attics was peeling from the walls, and rat infested. Some of the door handles were very stiff, and I was afraid to turn them. Several rooms I did inspect were unfurnished, and others were littered with theatrical lumber, bought secondhand, I judged from its appearance. In one room next to his I found a lot of old clothes. I began routing among these, and in my eagerness forgot again the evident sharpness of his ears. I heard a stealthy footstep, and, looking up just in time, saw him peeping in at the tumbled heap and holding an old-fashioned revolver in his hand. I stood perfectly still while he stared about open mouthed and suspicious. 'It must have been her,' he said slowly. 'Hang her!'

"He shut the door quietly, and immediately I heard the key turn in the lock. Then his footsteps retreated. I realised abruptly that I was locked in. For a minute I did not know what to do. I walked from door to window and back, and stood perplexed. A gust of anger came upon me. But I decided to inspect the clothes before I did anything further, and my first attempt brought down a pile from an upper shelf. This brought him back, more sinister than ever. That time he actually touched me, jumped back with amazement, and stood astonished in the middle of the room.

"Presently he calmed a little. 'Rats,' he said in an undertone, fingers on lip. He was evidently a little scared. I edged quietly out of the room, but a plank creaked. Then the infernal little brute started going all over the house, revolver in hand, and locking door after door and pocketing the keys. When I realised what he was up to I had a fit of rage—I could hardly control myself sufficiently to watch my opportunity. By this time I knew he was alone in the house, and so I made no more ado, but knocked him on the head."

"Knocked him on the head!" exclaimed Kemp.

"Yes—stunned him—as he was going downstairs. Hit him from behind with a stool that stood on the landing. He went downstairs like a bag of old boots."

"But—I say! The common conventions of humanity——"

"Are all very well for common people. But the point was, Kemp, that I had to get out of that house in a disguise without his seeing me. I couldn't think of any other way of doing it. And then I gagged him with a Louis Quatorze vest, and tied him up in a sheet."

"Tied him up in a sheet!"

"Made a sort of bag of it. It was rather a good idea to keep the idiot scared and quiet, and a devilish hard thing to get out of—head away from the string. My dear Kemp, it's no good your sitting and glaring as though I was a murderer. It had to be done. He had his revolver. If once he saw me he would be able to describe me——"

"But still," said Kemp, "in England—to-day! And the man was in his own house, and you were—well, robbing."

"Robbing! Confound it! You'll call me a thief next. Surely, Kemp, you're not fool enough to dance on the old strings. Can't you see my position?"

"And his, too!" said Kemp.

The Invisible Man stood up sharply. "What do you mean to say?"

Kemp's face grew a trifle hard. He was about to speak, and checked himself. "I suppose, after all," he said, with a sudden change of manner, "the thing had to be done. You were in a fix. But still——"

"Of course I was in a fix—an infernal fix! And he made me wild too—hunting me about the house, fooling about with his revolver, locking and unlocking doors. He was simply exasperating. You don't blame me, do you? You don't blame me?"

"I never blame anyone," said Kemp. "It's quite out of fashion. What did you do next?"

"I was hungry. Downstairs I found a loaf and some rank cheese—more than sufficient to satisfy my hunger. I took some brandy-and-water, and then went up past my impromptu bag—he was lying quite still—to the room containing the old clothes. This looked out upon the street, two lace curtains, brown with dirt, guarding the window. I went and peered out through their interstices. Outside, the day was bright—by contrast with the brown shadows of the dismal house in which I found myself, dazzlingly bright. A brisk traffic was going by: fruit carts, a hansom, a four-wheeler with a pile of boxes, a fishmonger's cart. I turned with spots of colour swimming before my eyes to the shadowy fixtures behind me. My excitement was giving place to a clear apprehension of my position again. The room was full of a faint scent of benzoline, used, I suppose, in cleaning the garments.

"I began a systematic search of the place. I should judge the hunchback had been alone in the house for some time. He was a curious person. Everything that could possibly be of service to me I collected in the clothes store-room, and then I made a deliberate selection. I found a handbag I thought a suitable possession, and some powder, rouge, and sticking plaster.

"I had thought of painting and powdering my face and all that there was to show of me, in order to render myself visible, but the disadvantage of this lay in the fact that I should require turpentine and other appliances and a considerable amount of time before I could vanish again. Finally I chose a mask of the better type, slightly grotesque, but not more so than many human beings, dark glasses, greyish whiskers, and a wig. I could find no underclothing, but that I could buy subsequently, and for the time I swathed myself in calico dominoes and some white cashmere scarfs. I could find no socks, but the hunchback's boots were rather a loose fit, and sufficed. In a desk in the shop were three sovereigns and about thirty shillingsworth of silver, and in a locked cupboard I burst in the inner room were eight pounds in gold. I could go forth into the world again, equipped.

"Then came a curious hesitation. Was my appearance really credible? I tried myself with a little bedroom looking-glass, inspecting myself from every point of view to discover any forgotten chink, but it all seemed sound. I was grotesque to the theatrical pitch—a stage miser—but I was certainly not a physical impossibility. Gathering confidence, I took my looking-glass into the shop, pulled down the blinds, and surveyed myself from every point of view with the help of the cheval glass in the corner.

"I spent some minutes screwing up my courage, and then unlocked the shop door, and marched out into the street, leaving the little man to get out of his sheet again when he liked. In five minutes a dozen turnings intervened between me and the costumier's shop. No one appeared to notice me very pointedly. My last difficulty seemed overcome."

He stopped again.

"And you troubled no more about the hunchback?" said Kemp.

"No," said the Invisible Man. "Nor have I heard what became of him. I suppose he untied himself or kicked himself out. The knots were pretty tight."

He became silent, and went to the window and stared out.

"What happened when you went out into the Strand?"

"Oh! Disillusionment again. I thought my troubles were over. Practically, I thought I had impunity to do whatever I chose, everything—save to give away my secret. So I thought. Whatever I did, whatever the consequences might be, was nothing to me. I had merely to fling aside my garments and vanish. No person could hold me. I could take my money where I found it. I decided to treat myself to a sumptuous feast, and then put up at a good hotel, and accumulate a new outfit of property. I felt amazingly confident, it's not particularly pleasant recalling that I was an ass. I went into a place and was already ordering a lunch, when it occurred to me that I could not eat unless I exposed my invisible face. I finished ordering the lunch, told the man I should be back in ten minutes, and went out exasperated. I don't know if you have ever been disappointed in your appetite."

"Not quite so badly," said Kemp, "but I can imagine it."

"I could have smashed the silly devils. At last, faint with the desire for tasteful food, I went into another place and demanded a private room. 'I am disfigured,' I said, 'badly.' They looked at me curiously, but of course it was not their affair—and so at last I got my lunch. It was not particularly well served, but it sufficed, and when I had had it, I sat over a cigar, trying to plan my line of action. And outside a snowstorm was beginning.

"The more I thought it over, Kemp, the more I realised what a helpless absurdity an invisible man was—in a cold and dirty climate and a crowded civilised city. Before I made this mad experiment I had dreamt of a thousand advantages. That afternoon it seemed all disappointment. I went over the heads of the things a man reckons desirable. No doubt invisibility made it possible to get them, but it made it impossible to enjoy them when they are got. Ambition—what is the good of pride of place when you cannot appear there? What is the good of the love of woman when her name must needs be Delilah? I have no taste for politics, for the blackguardisms of fame, for philanthropy, for sport. What was I to do? And for this I had become a wrapped-up mystery, a swathed and bandaged caricature of a man."

He paused, and his attitude suggested a roving glance at the window.

"But how did you get to Iping?" said Kemp, anxious to keep his guest busy talking.

"I went there to work. I had one hope. It was a half idea! I have it still. It is a full-blown idea now. A way of getting back! Of restoring what I have done. When I choose—when I have done all I mean to do invisibly. And that is what I chiefly want to talk to you about now——"

"You went straight to Iping?"

"Yes. I had simply to get my three volumes of memoranda and my cheque-book, my luggage and underclothing, order a quantity of chemicals to work out this idea of mine—I will show you the calculations as soon as I get my books—and then I started. Jove! I remember the snowstorm now, and the infernal bother it was to keep the snow from damping my pasteboard nose——"

"At the end," said Kemp, "the day before yesterday, when they found you out, you rather—to judge by the papers——"

*Copyright in the United States of America.

Did anybody mention serials? Our gracious. Just wait till you see the one coming along.

"I did. Rather. Did I kill that fool of a constable?"

"No," said Kemp. "He's expected to recover."

"That's his luck, then. I clean lost my temper, the fools! Why couldn't they leave me alone? And that groceries out?"

"There are no deaths expected," said Kemp.

"I don't know about that tramp of mine," said the Invisible man, with an unpleasant laugh. "By Heaven, Kemp, you don't know what rage is! To have worked for years, to have planned and plotted, and then to get some fumbling, purblind idiot messing across your course! Every conceivable sort of silly creature that has ever been created has been sent to cross me. If I have much more of it, I shall go wild—I shall start mowing 'em. As it is, they've made things a thousand times more difficult."

"No doubt it's exasperating," said Kemp drily.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PLAN THAT FAILED.

"BUT now," said Kemp, with a side glance out of the window, "what are we to do?"

He moved nearer his guest as he spoke in such a manner as to prevent the possibility of a sudden glimpse of the three men who were advancing up the hill road—with an intolerable slowness, as it seemed to Kemp.

"What were you planning to do, when you were heading for Port Burdock? Had you any plan?"

"I was going to clear out of the country. But I have altered that plan rather since seeing you. I thought it would be wise, now the weather is hot and invisibility possible, to make for the South. Especially as my secret was known, and everyone would be on the look-out for a masked and muffled man. You have a line of steamers from here to France. My idea was to get aboard one and run the risks of the passage. Thence I could go by train into Spain, or else to Algiers. It would not be difficult. There a man might always be invisible, and yet live, and do things. I was using that tramp as a money-box and luggage carrier, until I decided how to get my books and things sent over to meet me."

"That's clear."

"And then the filthy brute must needs try and rob me! He has hidden my books, Kemp. Hidden my books! If I can lay my hands on him!"

"Best plan to get the books out of him first."

"But where is he? Do you know?"

"He's in the town police-station, locked up, by his own request, in the strongest cell in the place."

"Cur!" said the Invisible Man.

"But that hangs up your plans a little."

"We must get those books, those books are vital."

"Certainly," said Kemp a little nervously, wondering if he heard footsteps outside. "Certainly we must get those books. But that won't be difficult, if he doesn't know they're for you."

"No," said the Invisible Man, and thought.

Kemp tried to think of something to keep the talk going, but the Invisible Man resumed of his own accord.

"Blundering into your house, Kemp," he said, "changes all my plans. For you are a man that can understand. In spite of all that has happened, in spite of this publicity, of the loss of my books, of what I have suffered, there still remain great possibilities, huge possibilities——"

"You have told no one I am here?" he asked abruptly.

Kemp hesitated. "That was implied," he said.

"No one?" insisted Griffin.

"Not a soul."

"Ah! Now——" The Invisible Man stood up, and sticking his arms akimbo, began to pace the study.

"I made a mistake, Kemp, a huge mistake, in carrying this thing through alone. I have wasted strength, time, opportunities. Alone; it is wonderful how little a man can do alone! To rob a little, to hurt a little, and there is the end.

"What I want, Kemp, is a goal-keeper, a helper and a hiding-place; an arrangement whereby I can sleep and eat and rest in peace and unsuspected. I must have a confederate. With a confederate, with food and rest, a thousand things are possible.

"Hitherto I have gone on vague lines. We have to consider all that invisibility means; all that it does not mean. It means little advantage for eavesdropping and so forth—one makes sounds. It's of little help—a little help perhaps—in housebreaking and so forth. Once you've caught me you could easily imprison me. But on the other hand I am hard to catch. This invisibility, in fact, is only good in two cases. It's useful in getting away; it's useful in approaching. It's particularly useful, therefore, in killing. You start. But think. I can walk round a man, whatever weapon he has, choose my point, strike as I like. Dodge as I like. Escape as I like."

Kemp's hand went to his moustache. Was that a movement downstairs? He kept his eyes towards the unseen face.

"And it is killing we must do, Kemp," he continued. "Not wanton killing, but a judicious slaying. Listen! It may sound wild—headstrong. But trust me. I have thought of it—I have thought of it. The point is: They know there is an Invisible Man—as well as we know there is an Invisible Man—and that Invisible Man, Kemp, must now establish a Reign of Terror. Yes; no doubt it's startling, but I mean it. A Reign of Terror. He must take some town, like your Burdock, and terrify and dominate it. He must issue his orders. He can do that in a thousand ways—scraps of paper thrust under doors would suffice. And all who disobey his orders he must kill, and kill all who would defend them."

"Humph!" said Kemp, listening to Griffin, and at the same time trying to hear the sound of his front door opening and closing.

"It seems to me, Griffin," he said, to cover his divided attention, "that your confederate would be in a difficult position."

"No one would know he was a confederate," said the Invisible Man eagerly. And then suddenly: "*Hush!* What's that downstairs?"

"Nothing," said Kemp, and suddenly began to speak loud and fast. "I don't agree to this, Griffin," he said. "Understand me, I don't agree to this. Why dream of playing a game against the race? How can you hope to gain happiness? Don't be a lone wolf. Publish your results—take the world—take the nation at least into your confidence. Think what you might do with a million helpers——"

The Invisible Man interrupted—arm extended. "There are footsteps coming upstairs," he said.

"Nonsense," said Kemp.

"Let me see," said the Invisible Man, and advanced, arm extended, to the door.

And then things happened very swiftly. Kemp hesitated for a second, and then moved to intercept him. The Invisible Man started and stood still. "Traitor!" cried the Voice, and suddenly the dressing-gown opened, and, sitting down, the Unseen began to disrobe. Kemp made three swift steps to the door, and forthwith the Invisible Man—his legs had vanished—sprang to his feet with a shout. Kemp flung the door open.

As it opened, there came a sound of voices and hurrying feet downstairs.

With a quick movement Kemp thrust the Invisible Man back, sprang aside, and slammed the door. The key was outside and ready. In another moment Griffin would have been alone in the belvedere study a prisoner. Save for one little thing. The key had been slipped in hastily that morning. As Kemp slammed the door it fell noisily upon the carpet.

Kemp's face became white. He tried to grip the door-handle with both hands. For a moment he stood lugging. Then the door gave six inches. But he got it closed again. The second time it was jerked a foot wide, and the dressing-gown came wedging itself into the opening. His throat was gripped by invisible fingers, and he left his hold on the handle to defend himself. He was forced back, tripped, and pitched heavily into the corner of the landing. The empty dressing-gown was flung on the top of him.

Half-way up the staircase was Colonel Adye, the recipient of Kemp's letter, the chief of the Burdock police. He was staring aghast at the sudden appearance of Kemp, followed by the extraordinary sight of clothing tossing empty in the air. He saw Kemp felled and struggling to his feet. He saw Kemp reel, rush forward, and go down again, felled like an ox.

Then suddenly he was struck violently. By nothing! A vast weight it seemed leapt upon him, and he was hurled headlong down the staircase, with a grip at his throat and a knee in his groin. An invisible foot trod on his back, a ghostly patter passed downstairs, he heard the two police officers in the hall shout and run, and the front door of the house slammed violently.

He rolled over and sat up staring. He saw, staggering down the staircase, Kemp, dusty and dishevelled, one side of his face white from a blow, his lip bleeding, and a pink dressing-gown and some underclothing held in his arms.

"By Jove!" cried Kemp, "the game's up! He's gone!"

(To be continued.)

A Grand New Story by MAX PEMBERTON, author of "The Iron Pirate," "The Impregnable City," and other romances, will commence in the August Bank Holiday Number. The story will be called "THE PHANTOM ARMY."

A LEEDS man is so mean that instead of taking his family to the seaside, he has bought an electric fan and placed a bowl of salt in front of it.

SOFTLEIGH: "No—aw—I nevah eat calves' bwains; theah is something—aw—so unpleasant about it, don't you know."

Miss Pert: "Because it suggests cannibalism to you?"

WHY IT IS USED.—"What a clever idea to have an awning in front of your house when you are giving a dinner or ball."

"Yes, it protects your guests from the weather."

"And lets all your neighbours know that you are having a party."

MARRIAGE CHANGED HIM.—She: "There is no doubt about it that marriage does improve a man's politeness."

He: "How so?"

She: "Well, you frequently get up and offer me a chair now. Before we were married you never gave me more than half of it."

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Signature _____

Available until midnight, July 24th, 1897.

THE BOOK-KEEPER'S MISFORTUNE.

"WHAT, Jobkins, you don't mean to say you've got a new book-keeper? Where's that old fellow who you told me had served you faithfully for over thirty-five years?"

"The old, grey-haired man, somewhat short-sighted, do you mean?"

"Yes, and a very hard-worker he appeared to be."

"That I'll admit, and truth to tell I did not care very much about the idea of dismissing him, but unfortunately, I had no alternative. He never did possess very good eyesight, but just lately he grew so near-sighted that every time he wrote a line with his pencil he rubbed it out with his nose. The reputation for carefulness and neatness obtained by the firm must be preserved you know, old boy."

MOUNTAINS OF PARAFFIN.

MOUNTAINS of paraffin sounds absurd, you think? Well, perhaps it does, but if you went to Baku, on the north-eastern extremity of Russia, you might, perhaps, see a mountain of paraffin oil rising two hundred feet above the level of the sea, and falling back to earth to form gigantic rivers and lakes of raw petroleum.

This mountain of petroleum commenced to shoot out of the earth two hundred feet, flowing at the tremendous rate of between one million six hundred thousand, and one million eight hundred thousand gallons per day, bringing up tons of sand and earth, which it deposits right and left without the least discrimination, and nothing could stop it for nearly three months. So that something like two hundred millions of gallons of oil were wasted for want of proper storage lakes.

This great spring is probably the most wonderful in the world. Certain it is that it beats everything America has done in the way of pretroleum wells. Millions of gallons of oil are shipped from this spring all over Europe every year in the different forms into which the crude petroleum is transformed.

It is run straight from the spring to the refinery by means of large pipes of great strength, and there treated in the usual manner. Then it is run into barrels holding forty-two gallons each for shipment to different ports. We in England consume a little matter of some hundred and forty millions of gallons every year.

SQUOTS.

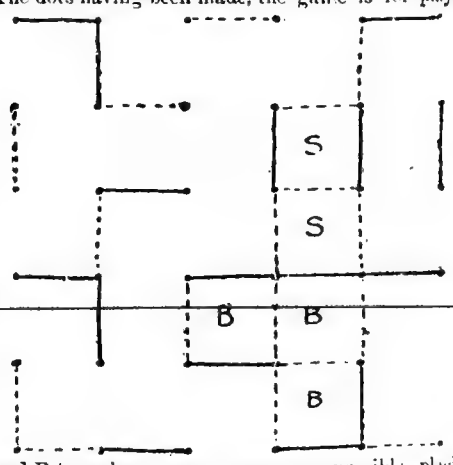
A FASCINATING GAME FOR GROWN-UP CHILDREN.

MOST of us remember the game of noughts and crosses of our younger days. Squots is somewhat on the same principle but more interesting and amusing. We shall be sorry if any of our readers pass this article by with only a casual reading of it. We want them to try it with a friend, for we can assure them they will be delighted at acquiring a knowledge of the game. Here are the directions for playing:

Get a sheet of white paper and make twelve pen or pencil dots from left to right, and eleven other lines of the same kind beneath, with about a third of an inch space between each. This will make 144 dots altogether.

Of course fewer or more dots will do as well, but twelve each way makes a good game. Only six have been used in this diagram. The dotted lines are made by S, the thick lines by B.

The dots having been made, the game is for players



S and B to make as many squares as possible, placing their initials in them as made.

S starts by making a straight stroke between any two dots. B follows by making a similar line between any other two dots, avoiding, of course, in each subsequent move, the chance of giving his opponent an opportunity of completing a square.

But when S or B succeeds in making a square, this gives him an extra move, and he must draw one more line somewhere. This looks like an advantage to him, but wait, my dear reader, till you play the game, and see if it is. As like as not it will give the opponent a run of ten, fifteen, or twenty squares.

This is purely a game of skill, and if you like you may play for a penny a square, as I do. To decide the amount due to the winner, deduct the loser's smaller number of squares from the winner's larger number.

An exciting fight with a leopard, splendidly illustrated, is described in this week's SUNDAY READER.

MUCH IMPRESSED.

SOME persons never can make an investment in any article of apparel without finding an excuse for calling everybody's attention to it. Occasionally this proceeding meets with a merited rebuke.

"What do you think of that pair of shoes for 9s. 6d.?" asked a man of this sort, exhibiting his latest purchase to a friend.

"I think there is a good deal of leather for the money," replied his friend, walking round him in a wide circle, and looking at the shoes with profound astonishment.

DIFFERENT WITHOUT THE CARPET.

"GOOD gracious, Will, how on earth can you work in a small room like this. Why——"

"Well, it's comfortable enough, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's comfortable, but still I can't understand a man being able to spend his days in the space of a rabbit-hutch."

"No? Well, I manage to do so very conveniently since the carpet was taken away. Then the room seemed to be very small and crowded, but I can see no cause to complain now!"

THE LAW OF SELF-PRESERVATION.

SOME time ago a small pleasure yacht sprang a leak just off the coast of Yarmouth, and gradually began to sink. Suddenly a man was seen to dive off into the sea and swim to the shore, dashing in again immediately afterwards, and swimming back to the boat.

Climbing on board he gasped: "Where is my wife?" and on finding her managed to take her safely ashore.

A short time afterwards one of the boat's party asked him why on earth he did not take his wife with him to shore in the first instance.

"My dear sir," the philosopher quietly replied, "I was bound to save myself first. Do you think that I could forget the fact that self-preservation is the highest law of Nature?"

THE WRONG LICENCE.

A BRAWNY Swede visited a registrar's office the other day to procure a marriage licence, and a couple of clerks to whom he innocently stated his wishes directed him to the department were dog licences are issued. He approached the licence window diffidently, gave his name and address, and asked what the document would cost.

"It will cost you 7s. 6d. a year for every dog you keep," replied the clerk.

"Dog?" echoed the Swede.

"Why, certainly," continued the clerk, "don't you want a dog licence?"

"Val, no," cried the would-be benedict. "Ay kaint afford to buy a dog dees year. Ay want to get only a wife now."

INVENTOR: "This is a new gas-meter. While the gas is burning the meter acquires such a momentum that it keeps going after the gas has been turned off."

Gas Official: "I understand. But in what respect does it differ from the meters now in use?"

LET a young gentleman and young lady try the following scientific experiment: A galvanic battery is set in motion, and while he takes one handle in one of his hands, she takes the other in one of hers. Then let them softly kiss each other. This brings out all the fireworks there are in two loving souls.

LABOUR REFORMER: "Now, don't you think, as a man, that the hours of labour on tramcars and omnibuses are too long?"

Director: "I don't think so. They are treated well. We take excellent care of them, and only work them eight hours a day."

Labour Reformer: "Why, I know a conductor who is on from 6 a.m. to 11 p.m."

Director: "Conductor! I was speaking about the horses!"

ONLY ONE PLACE FOR HIM.—Prominent Politician: "I have done a good many favours for you, and now I'd like you to put a friend of mine on your paper."

Great Editor: "Would he do for a reporter?"

"No; he hasn't any legs."

"Um! might make a leader writer, perhaps?"

"He couldn't read the newspapers. He's blind."

"Poor fellow. Can he hear?"

"No, deaf as a post. He is a fine writer, though, and he has a lively imagination."

"Good. I will appoint him war correspondent."

SPARKS FROM - - - "PUFFING BILLY."

AN ordinary railway-engine is equal in strength to 900 horses.

ONE of the special American expresses has four men on the engine.

THE Great Western is the most economically worked railway in England.

THE Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway has 30,000 season-ticket holders.

AT a large station like St. Pancras each booking-clerk takes some £55,000 a year.

THE railways of the world carry every day between six and seven million passengers.

THE engine of an express train consumes twelve gallons of water for each mile travelled.

THE takings of the London and North-Western Railway Company average £1,300 an hour.

ALTOGETHER Great Britain has 188 different railways, and in round numbers their united capital is £1,000,000,000.

EVERY wheel on a Pullman car is a block of paper four inches thick. You do not see the paper, because it is covered with iron and steel.

THE first excursion train was run on the Midland line in 1840, and the organiser was Thomas Cook, who afterwards became the world-renowned tourist agent.

AT a recent meeting of railway engineers in America the following toast was given: "To our mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

IN Sweden, the railway stations at which meals are served are known by the simple but suggestive picture of a crossed knife and fork opposite the name of the station.

THE most costly piece of railway line in the world is that between the Mansion House and Aldgate stations, in London, which required the expenditure of close upon £2,000,000 a mile.

WATERLOO STATION boasts the largest signal-box in the world. In order to control the number of trains which pass in and out of the station, 18,000 distinct lever motions and 20,000 electrical signals are required every day.

LIKE the London and North-Western, the Lancashire and Yorkshire engines pick up their water as they travel, and they not only scoop it up but suck it up, so that it is immaterial whether the engine is running backwards or forwards.

THE German Emperor's imperial train cost £186,000, and took three years to construct. There are altogether twelve cars, including two nursery carriages. The reception saloon contains several pieces of statuary, and each of the sleeping cars is fitted with a bath.

WHEN a railway is being built the surface of the road has to be ballasted, generally with gravel, sometimes with ashes or other material. The Great Northern of Scotland is ballasted with granite chips; the Southern Pacific is ballasted with salt; the Durango line in Mexico is ballasted with silver ore and laid with ties of ebony.

IT was on the Leicester and Swannington line that Puffing Billy's gentle shriek was first heard. The year after the line was opened, a farmer's wife, with a cart-load of butter and eggs, was run into at a level crossing near Thornton, cart and cargo suffering by the collision. The old lady said she had not heard the horn which every engine-driver then carried for the purpose of warning people off the track. This little incident led to the adoption of the steam whistle.

As a tribute to the memory of George Stephenson, at the centenary of his birth in 1881, our railway companies sent a number of the finest engines they had to pass in procession before the cottage at North Wylam in which he was born. In the earliest days of his struggle he was sneeringly compared to a fly going round on a crank-axle and shouting: "What a dust I am kicking up, gentlemen!" As his grandson has well said: "The dust that George Stephenson kicked up formed itself into a cloud, and in every part of the globe to which it reached it carried with it and planted the seeds of civilisation and wealth."

I HEREBY CERTIFY *that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £2,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the CYCLING INSURANCE has been paid up to July 31st, 1897, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, under the conditions named in the coupon on page 23, and against Fatal Cycling Accident under the conditions named in the coupon on page 26.*

General Manager for the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd.

Neil F. Tavell

A NEW INDUSTRY.

"WHERE can I get a lot of barbed wire cheap," asked Farmer Furrow of his friend, Doegood.

"Well, they're giving it away in Russia," said old Doegood.

"What for?" gasped the astonished farmer dropping his spade.

"For nothing, of course. You see, after the telegraph wires over there have been used a little while, the Russian language twists them all out of shape and the peasants use them for fences."

Farmer Furrow said nothing, but puffed hard at his pipe and looked at the sky.

IT WOULD BE THE DEEPEST WELL IN THE WORLD.

HERE is another drought story told by a traveller:

I was driving across the country to a little town in West Australia the other day, when I met a farmer hauling a waggon-load of water.

"Where do you get water?" I asked.

"Up the road about seven miles," he replied.

"And you bring water seven miles for your family and stock?"

"Yes."

"Why in the name of sense don't you dig a well?"

"Because it's jest as far one way as the other."

THE EXCUSE WAS PROVIDED.

GROCER (to shopman): "Peter, I owe about £300."

"Yes, sir."

"I have £200 in the safe, but the shop is empty. I think it is the right time to fail."

"That's just what I think."

"But I want a plausible pretext for my creditors. You have plenty of brains—think the matter over to-night and tell me to-morrow morning."

The clerk promised to think it over carefully. On entering the shop next morning the grocer found the safe open, the money gone, and in the place a note, which ran as follows:

"I have taken the £200 and am off to America. It is the best excuse you can give your creditors."

SHE MUST HAVE BEEN VERY BAD.

IN this day of slang and slipshod English it is quite refreshing to find one home in which our mother tongue is appreciated, and sins against its purity duly resented.

That there is at least one such was made evident in a quarrel which took place in a literary household between the two youngest inmates; a quarrel, like most childish differences, soon over, but fierce while it lasted.

When his wrath had reached its height, the small son of the house, quivering with anger, sought for language to denounce his sister, who had been the aggressor.

"You bad," he burst forth, stamping a stubby shoe. "You bad, you *bad*——" words failed him.

Then with a flash of truly literary inspiration, he concluded: "You *bad grammar*, you!"

GENERALLY WINS.—Mr. Thinkum: "Whenever there is trouble in this world, there is a woman at the bottom of it."

Mrs. Strongmind: "That may be, but you can't deny that when the trouble is over the woman is on top."

A LITTLE girl heard a sermon from the words, "My cup runneth over; surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

On returning home, she was asked if she could remember the minister's text, and replied:

"Yes, indeed, it was this: 'Mercy and goodness, my cup's tipped over.'"

DID HE REGRET HIS SON'S GENIUS?—Small Son: "I know what I'll be when I grow up. I'm going to be a great inventor."

Papa: "That's encouraging, certainly. What makes you think you have inventive genius?"

Small Son: "Why, I wanted to take a screw out, and I couldn't find any screwdriver, and so I unscrewed it with your razor."

MRS. MINKS (severely): "George, there is an account in the paper about a business man leaving his wife and running off with a pretty typewriter girl."

Mr. Minks: "Indeed!"

"Yes; and it's the third account of the kind I've seen this week."

"That doesn't interest me."

"It does me. You have a pretty typewriter girl in your office."

"No, we haven't. My partner eloped with her last week."

Is there a land without barmaids? Yes. You will find all about this in THE SUNDAY READER.

HOW NEWSPAPERS GET THEIR NEWS.

PART I.

THERE is no greater puzzle to-day to the inexperienced and uninitiated newspaper reader than the problem as to how his favourite morning or evening paper gets hold of all the various items of news from all parts of the world, and serves them up daily for his delectation. It is all very well for the MUDDLINGTON ON-THE-MARSH DAILY GAZETTE to put on the top of each piece of foreign news, "From Our Own Correspondent"; but even the average MUDDLINGTONIAN reader has enough sense to know that there is no special correspondent, at £500 a year, kept by that paper in such a place as Timbuctoo!

So it is the purpose of this article to point out a few of the many methods by which our newspapers receive the vast stores of news they daily contain. In olden days they relied chiefly on their own special reporters, even for non-local news: now they rely on the various press agencies.

Of these agencies it will be enough for our purpose to name the chief five, though we do not presume to place them in any order of merit; that must be left to others to do. The principal factors then in the gathering together and distribution of news throughout the British Isles are the Exchange Telegraph Company, Reuter's Agency, the Press Association, Dalziel's Agency, and the Central News Association.

THE EXCHANGE TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Dealing with these in the order named—again disdaining any award of the premiership—we shall begin with the Exchange Telegraph Company, whose head offices are in Cornhill, E.C. This company has a series of twenty separate services, known as "The Racing Service," "The Parliamentary Service," "The Legal Service," etc., for each of which it charges a fixed price annually to every newspaper in the kingdom which takes its news.

All day long at the central office, where the clever manager of the company, Captain W. H. Davies, presides, assisted by the secretary, Mr. Wilfred King, there are long rolls of tape being reeled off on the various telegraphic instruments, each carrying its own lot of news in cypher, just as it comes from the various agents at home and abroad.

This company has its ramifications in the shape of news-collectors all over the world, and they daily forward anything of interest to the central office, whence it is at once dispatched to the various newspapers which patronise this service. Its telegrams to them are noted for their quality, rather than their quantity, of news. As an example of what it can do we may mention, however, that on June 18th, 1896, the day the *Drummond Castle* was wrecked, nearly 10,000 words were sent out on one instrument about this sad affair alone. On another occasion, no fewer than 30,000 words were delivered in one day by this enterprising company.

Many have been the triumphs of Captain Davies' followers in the obtaining and delivery of news, of which a few examples may be interesting. The breakdown of the "Bell" Case, a few months ago, when the accused, after being prosecuted by the Government for complicity in a dynamite affair, was released on the inability of the prosecution to proceed with the case, was announced by the Ex. Tel. Co. some twenty-three minutes before any other agency.

The news of the rout and surrender of Dr. Jameson and his men at Krügersdorp last year was received by this agency exclusively at the time when most of the evening papers had gone to press, and the only paper which printed this very valuable and important telegram from the Ex. Tel. Co. had so little faith in its accuracy, that it added a note to it saying that it was not trustworthy, and that no doubt on the following day the capture of Johannesburg would be announced, and Dr. Jameson would be dictating terms to President Krüger!

When Mr. Parnell was deposed from the leadership of the Irish Party in the celebrated No. 15 Committee room at the House of Commons, the owner of a well-known North of Ireland paper, on receiving an unexpected early telegram from the Ex. Tel. Co., announcing that event, at once issued a special edition, which had the honour of being the only paper in Ireland to give an account that day of this important crisis in Erin's history.

On another occasion, a bold Parliamentary representative of this company obtained a full list of the Ministry of Mr. Gladstone's Penultimate Administration, as soon as it was completed, from a private source. This, however, led to very severe and galling restrictions being placed upon the distribution of official news. And officialdom, always excepting Mr. Chamberlain, is not slow to keep its reins very tight in this respect.

The famous election contest at Kilkenny, showing how Parnell had misjudged his strength, had its result announced some twenty minutes ahead of all rivals by the Ex. Tel. Co.—so far as the figures were concerned.

At Buckingham this company's reporter, in order to learn the election result first, mounted the Town Hall, and, by the aid of a skylight, received a signal from within announcing the return of the successful candidate, which news he at once forwarded to the central office, thus giving them a good lead over their rivals.

Nor less striking was the device of the Walsall correspondent, who, by means not necessary to describe, managed to lock up all the other pressmen for half-an-hour, whilst he not only dispatched his own wire to London, but blocked all the wires with telegrams of both Liberal and Conservative agents for about an hour! As a matter of fact, the result was known in London before it had been announced to those surrounding the Mayor in the Town Hall at Walsall!

One of the biggest successes ever scored by this company was the announcement of the date fixed for the dissolution of Lord Salisbury's Government in 1892. Many people exclaimed that it was simply preposterous, and semi-official denials were, as usual, soon forthcoming, but the company stuck to its guns, and three weeks later its prediction was fulfilled to the very letter.

To the Ex. Tel. Co. also belongs the honour of being the first to receive and publish the melancholy announcement of the loss of H.M.S. *Victoria* in the Mediterranean. The telegram containing this news came from the company's agent at Malta, and for hours the company's offices in Cornhill were simply deluged with telegrams from all over England, asking for particulars.

Tremendous efforts are always made to be the first to secure the result of the University Boat Race. Men from the Guards have been often engaged as signallers, and placed all along the course; but, if the weather be hazy, this is an unsatisfactory plan. Now a special cable is laid along the river, by which is given every few seconds the number of strokes each crew is rowing per minute, the leading boat, and also a description of the race.

This is one of the most wonderful things yet accomplished in telegraphy. At the commencement of the race the messages are sent to Mortlake, as that office is then free, whilst Putney is blocked; at the close of the race the opposite course is pursued. Some nineteen messages were this year received from different points during the course of the race (which lasted less than twenty minutes), including a description of 689 words, all of which was telegraphed on to the various papers supplied by the Ex. Tel. Co. The result was known in New York from this agency in half a minute from the end of the race!

(*Next week*: REUTER'S AGENCY, AND THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.)

THE CHEAPEST TRAMWAY IN THE WORLD.

SINCE tramways were first introduced the fares have been gradually lowered, so that nowadays one can make quite a long journey for a penny.

This is certainly cheap, but the fares on the electric tramway of Ulm, in Germany, are even lower, for no charge whatever is made.

This Utopian tramway is managed by a company under the supervision of the Town Council. The fares, however, had to be approved by the higher State authorities, and though the Mayor of Ulm frequently begged that the matter might be settled, no answer was vouchsafed by the Government officials.

At length the Mayor and the Town Council, weary of the delay, decreed that until the official sanction was received no fares should be charged, and that the inhabitants should ride gratuitously. The trams run from 6 a.m. to 11 p.m., and during those hours the inhabitants of Ulm are not slow to avail themselves of this unique opportunity.

It is said that at no period of the day is an empty car to be seen. This happy state of affairs has already existed for more than a fortnight, and still the official sanction comes not.

TOO SMART FOR HIM.—"I suppose, Henry," said the old gentleman to the new son-in-law, "that you are aware the cheque for £5,000 I put among your wedding presents was merely for effect?"

"Oh yes, sir," responded the cheerful Henry; "and the effect was excellent. The bank cashed it this morning without a word."

PEOPLE OF BLACKPOOL—GREETING!

THE beach at Blackpool will for some days be the scene of a number of *al fresco* entertainments provided by an individual known as "The Mysterious Magician."

These entertainments will be absolutely free, but it is to be hoped that something will be contributed by the audience towards the FRESH AIR FUND which it is intended to assist.

"The Mysterious Magician's" programme will be found to be unique and startling, and of a high-class character. In fact, some of his original mysteries have been performed by him on several occasions before Royalty. You will know when and where he is performing by keeping your eyes open for one of the handbills he is distributing promiscuously about the town, and I sincerely hope that you will make an effort to be present.

I should like you to clearly understand that no charge is made for these entertainments, and that every coin voluntarily contributed will be entirely devoted to the FRESH AIR FUND. The whole cost of the undertaking is borne by the proprietors of *Pearson's Weekly*.

When "The Mysterious Magician" has finished with Blackpool, he will go on to Southport, and then to New Brighton, Barmouth, and Llandudno, in fact every seaside resort throughout England and Wales.

You will be notified every week of his whereabouts, so that all those who appreciate ability of the highest order will be able to enjoy themselves.

ABOUT YOURSELF—PERHAPS.

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS can boast of a record in carriage accidents.

THE Duchess of Teck and Queen Isabella of Spain are the two stoutest Royal personages in Europe.

SIR HENRY IRVING has a double in the person of Professor Burdon Sanderson, the most eminent physiologist in England. Dr. Sanderson is the older man.

THE Duchess of Cumberland, the Princess of Wales's youngest sister, is the happy possessor of the finest collection of jewellery in the world: not even the Tsarina of Russia can boast of such fine emeralds and rubies.

A GENIUS for design is the possession of the Countess of Bective, to whom the Queen of Italy intrusted her crown, in order that a suitable embroidery device might be adapted from it for a piece of work to be presented by an Irish lady to Her Majesty.

DR. ANDREW WILSON is the most popular writer and lecturer on health now living, and though he holds several important lectureships and appointments, he is an active journalist, and contributions from his pen appear weekly in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, HOME NOTES, and many other leading periodicals.

A PECULIAR feature of the madness of the ill-fated ex-Empress Carlotta of Mexico, is that she required a fresh pair of pearl-grey two-button kid gloves on rising every morning throughout the year. If by any mishap there is no fresh pair at hand, and an attempt is made to furnish her with gloves that are not entirely new, her insanity assumes for the moment a violent form, and continues until she can be appeased by a fresh pair.

MR. F. H. COWEN, the composer, declares that the one essential to great popularity in a song is a comparatively easy accompaniment. Although "The Message" and "The Better Land" are exceptions to this rule, they have been as widely patronised as any of his compositions. Mr. Cowen was born in the West Indies, but he received a very excellent musical education, and, though still a young man, he has published over two hundred songs.

MADAME SARAH GRAND, the authoress of "The Heavenly Twins," is a many-sided woman. She composed music and wrote poetry when she was only eleven years old, and she has lived at various times in Egypt, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, China, and Japan. It is interesting to note that she brought out her now celebrated book—of which over 50,000 copies have been sold—at her own expense, for none of the publishers to whom she sent it would accept the book.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD tells a very good story about the Prince of Wales. "Once when I was attending an important function at Marlborough House," said Sir Edwin, "Sir Francis Knollys came up to the Prince of Wales, and remarked: 'Some gentlemen of the Press wish admission, your Royal Highness.' 'Oh,' said the Prince, 'show them in. If they don't come in at the door they'll come in at the ventilator.'" Evidently the Prince has a full appreciation of the perseving spirit of the Press.

MR. FRED TERRY is the youngest member of the famous theatrical family; indeed, his sister Ellen is fond of calling him "the baby." His going on the stage was quite an accident. He had come over for a short holiday from Italy, where he was receiving an excellent business education, when one morning he accompanied Miss Marion Terry to a rehearsal. Mr. Bancroft, as he then was, was very much struck by the lad's good looks and charming manners, and without more ado offered him a small weekly engagement. As generally happens, however, success did not come at once, and Mr. Terry served a hard apprenticeship, both in London and in the provinces.

MR. MARK TWAIN, for even his own friends have half forgotten the fact that his Christian name is Samuel, and his surname Clemens, does not look his sixty years of life. It is a mistake to suppose that his work has wholly consisted in humourous writing. He wrote an excellent life of General Grant, and also one of the present Pope. His own favourite among his works is "Joan of Arc," which, after being brought out anonymously in an American magazine, was published last year. Mr. Mark Twain lately met with a great reverse of fortune through no fault of his own, and the NEW YORK HERALD started a national subscription on his behalf, but he has refused to avail himself of this way of regaining fortune.

SIR JAMES REID, the Queen's favourite among her doctors, has just received a baronetcy from Her Majesty. Congratulations on this honour being bestowed on him have poured in from all quarters of the world, for although he was but the son of an Aberdeen country doctor he made a considerable place for himself in the medical schools of his native town, and there is scarce a colony where his name is not familiar. The Queen first saw him when he was still a very young man, and there and then determined that he should be attached to her household. During the last sixteen years he has been in constant personal attendance upon Her Majesty, and it is said to be owing to his influence that the Queen's visits to Balmoral have been so frequent of late years.

How a girl of fourteen fared on a desert island. This is the subject of the grand new serial which is now appearing in GIRLS.

MEN WHO KEEP THEIR WITS ABOUT THEM.

"DID it never strike you how vast a responsibility rests upon the shoulders of a dispensing chemist?" asked a West-end chemist of *P.W.* "I am not exaggerating when I say that I have held the lives of thousands in my hands at times when a slight mistake or oversight would have meant death to the person for whom I was making up the prescription.

"There are so many chemicals with similar names, but such vastly different powers, that a mistake could be easily made, and its effect might prove fatal. I don't want to frighten you, for there is really no occasion, for chemists as a class are the most careful men in the world, but I think it is truly remarkable that more mistakes are not made.

"Look at those dozens of rows of bottles. How easy it would be for me to take up one in mistake for another, and who can say what the result of such a mistake would be?

"Then, think of the mistakes customers make in asking for different things; most absurd mistakes sometimes.

"Again, we are constantly coming across the grossest errors in the prescriptions of the most experienced physicians. As a general rule doctors are extremely careful, but occasionally they make mistakes, which would prove fatal did we not notice them.

"I was given a prescription not long ago which mentioned a certain quantity of sulphate of morphine. I refused to make it up, and sent an assistant round to the doctor who had written out the prescription. He came round immediately, white with fear. The order should have been sulphate of quinine.

"If I had not been careful we should probably have killed the patient between us. But we *are* all careful, and during the thirty years I have dispensed I have never made a mistake of any serious consequence."

SPEND YOUR HOLIDAYS

At PARIS for - - - - - £2 12s. 6d.
Or at BRUSSELS and WATERLOO for - £2 0s. 0d.

Including One Admission Ticket to the Brussels Exhibition.

THE great success of our trips to Paris throughout the summer month of last year have led us to enter into arrangements with Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son to repeat the scheme during the coming summer.

Leaving London on Friday night, from London Bridge or Victoria, travelling *via* Newhaven and Dieppe to Paris, passengers will arrive there on Saturday morning.

Breakfast, dinner, and bed will be provided on Saturday and Sunday, and breakfast and dinner on Monday, visitors returning Monday night, and arriving in London on Tuesday morning.

All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and enclosing the necessary amount in postal orders.

SPECIAL arrangements have been made with Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son for another attractive tour for readers of *P.W.* This tour will occupy three days. Starting from London (say) on Friday night, the tourists will travel by Harwich and Antwerp to Brussels, and will be given one admission ticket to the Exhibition. From here an excursion will be made to the scene of the battle of Waterloo.

All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and enclosing £2 in postal orders.

RESULT OF THE "RHYME" COMPETITION.

BENEFIT No. 14.

THE two guineas offered for the best nonsense verse has been won by J. J. Sparkes, 436, St. Ann's Road, Green Lanes, N., for the following lines:

I've often seen a purple cow,
And near, a milkman with his pail;
The colour was of paint, I trow,
And made of iron was its tail.

Gold-plated pencil-cases have been forwarded to the following persons: J. Richardson, 4, Auburn Place, Radnor Street, Plymouth; Mrs. Drooster, The Rectory, Bingham, Nottingham; A. W. Winston, Pentyrch Village, near Cardiff; Mrs. D. C. Jowett, 38, Crown Street, Morriston, Swansea; W. Heath, 13, Old Millgate, Manchester; J. A. Maxwell, 31, Chapel Place, Liverpool; W. Dawe, 76, Cromwell Terrace, Mount Pleasant, Swansea; J. M. Mayers, Commercial Street, Pontnewydd, near Newport, Mon.; J. R. Orr, Grovemount, Comrie Road, Crieff; H. G. Harris, 90, Crawford Street, W.

RESULT OF "PAGE 16" COMPETITION.

THE Solid Silver Pencil Case has been won by J. McA. Boyd, 52, Stevenson Drive, Langside, Glasgow, for the best set of titles for Page 16. A bookknife has been awarded to each of the fifty following: Mrs. Dalziel, 4, Las Williams Street, Edinburgh; G. Gathercole, 1, Bridge Street, Thetford, Norfolk; E. Barnes, 65, Ladbroke Road, Paddington, W.; A. Porter, Church Street, Witham, Essex; Pte. T. Ward, C Co., 1st Yorks, H Lines, Curragh Camp; E. T. Hallmark, George Street, Chester; E. D. Wright, Carrington House, Lansdowne Road, Worcester; C. R. G. Davis, 7, Sidney Terrace, Bedford, Weston-super-Mare; H. G. Williams, 107, Great Lister Street, Birmingham; T. W. Johnson, 4, Regent Street, Gloucester; E. Harding, 15, Park Road, Grantham, Lincs.; T. R. Walsh, 55, Hewitt Road, Harringay, N.; A. Wright, 87, Wall Street, B'East; H. Whitesale, 18, Upper Parliament Street, Liverpool; J. Paton, Post Office, Burntisland, Fife; J. E. Hugh, Sandford Terrace, Kirkstall, Leeds; J. Gwynne, 67, Splott Road, Cardiff; Arnold, 11, Ashford Road, Eastbourne; A. Young, 48, Langley Road, Luton, Beds.; H. Cruddell, 120, Walton Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham; H. P. Mathers, 125, Winston Road, Stoke Newington, N.; E. W. Gask, 15, Castle Street, Stafford; V. G. Strickland, Ailsa Cottage, Caldra Road, Newport, Mon.; Miss M. Ellis Dean, Hawthornden, Slough; Miss Macdonald, 6, South Drum Place, Easter Road, Edinburgh; W. Teasdale, 13, Denton Street, Carlisle; W. Lester, 1, Bannermill Cottages, Aberdeen; Miss E. Stone, Calverley Hotel, Tunbridge Wells; W. Crampton, Northgate, Newark; C. W. Tidswell, 61, Florence Road, Stroud Green, N.; F. Norris, 175, Strand, W.C.; E. A. Clarke, 72, Heathtree Road, Plumstead; P. Mortimer Hooper, Bank House, Havant; F. Robertshaw, Drighlington, near Bradford, Yorks.; F. Ash, 10, Green Lane, Seaforth; A. Smith, 7, St. John's Terrace, Barrackton, Cork; F. J. Houldsworth, 5, South View, Paisley Street, Newington, Hull; S. W. Potter, 8, Enfield Terrace, Demesne Street, Seacombe, Cheshire; C. Branton, 2, St. Mary Villas, Meadow Road, Loughton, E.; Miss J. Whittaker, Sefton Hotel, Douglas, I. of M.; C. Nash, 115, Park Street, Hereford; W. R. Moir, Kirkburn Mills, Peterhead, N.B.; Miss E. Butterbury, Berkhamsted, Herts.; H. F. Tucker, 21, Herbert Road, Stockwell, S.W.; E. Palmer, 18, North Street, Ventnor, I. of W.; A. Macnaughton, Achabrie, Taynuilt, N.B.; E. G. Howells, Banwen, Alltwen, Pontardawe, R.S.O., Swansea Valley; Miss A. Kent, 2, Clifton Terrace, High Street, Ventnor, I. of W.; W. Martin, The Cemetery, Rotherham; Miss A. S. Napier, 14, Mellgate, Arbroath, N.B.

LOVELY WOMAN AND HER BATH.

BEAUTIES WHO BATHE IN MILK AND HONEY.

THE mysteries of the toilet of beautiful women have always exercised a subtle influence over the mind of mankind at large.

For each beauty her own particular bath seems to be the ideal. At the moment, however, those ladies who desire to be in the fashion, and have not arrived at the more subtle distinction of being individual, are all running in the direction of the honey bath. In such matters Paris rules the world, and this is the dictum of Paris.

It is especially recommended to the consideration of those ladies who have been just a little too niggardly dealt with by Nature in the matter of adipose tissue. Some lean to the side of *embonpoint*, while others go in the opposite direction, and it is for the benefit of the latter that the honey bath is recommended.

Like most other good things, however, it is not new, for one of the most beautiful women of the world, perhaps the most celebrated beauty of her generation, Ninon de Lenclos, used it when she was at the very apex of her prestige, and always held it in high repute. For its preparation rain water is an essential ingredient. Even, however, at the bidding of imperious beauty, Nature does not always bow in obedience, and the clouds sometimes refuse to supply this most necessary ingredient.

Happily, Science, which has always been the handmaid of beauty, steps in to supply the deficiency, and makes for the comfort of the mistress of the destiny of the world. An excellent substitute for rain-water, the virtue of which lies in its softness, consists in putting into an ordinary bath which contains something like thirty gallons of water, a tablespoonful of ammonia, a handful of salt, and a couple of tablespoonfuls of bicarbonate of soda.

This is the foundation. The superstructure is made of three pounds of honey. Of course, the water must be warmed and the honey must be well mixed in it, so that it leaves no sticky sensation in its wake to act as an irritant to the tender skin. It need hardly be said that this bath should be taken on going to bed, and at no other time in the day, and at least a quarter of an hour should be devoted to it if the lady desires to get all the advantages from it which lie in it.

Another bath which has a parallel effect is made of milk, which, as everybody knows, owes its chief effect to the fat which it holds in solution in a very fine state of subdivision. A milk bath is part of the duty of that most charming singer, Miss Anna Held. Its use was recommended to her by a physician in Paris at one time when she was suffering from an irritation of the skin, produced by eating fish. At least two or three times every week she lies for half-an-hour or more in a bath containing as much milk as would feed a few hundred starving children.

Miss Held's predecessors in the use of milk for toilet purposes are numerous. Madame de Recamier bathed in milk, and so did Madame Tallien, and everybody else at the time when George III. was king. Queen Isabella of Bavaria disdained ordinary cow's milk, and insisted on having only asses' milk for her bath, while Catherine II. of Russia used it for the opposite purpose for which most people employ it. She was fat, and used her milk bath as nearly boiling as she could stand it, in order to reduce her weight. So, by-the-bye, it is said the old Marquis of Queensbury used to do.

Of modern beauties who are popularly supposed to affect it, the most noted probably is Mrs. Langtry, who has sometimes been taken to task because she still heeds the dictum that the toilet should be a sacred rite, and desires to keep that point secret. Whatever she uses might be employed with advantage by anyone else, for she has learnt the art of keeping time at a distance.

Miss Lilian Russell, who is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful women in the world to-day, enjoys a bath of scented water. The ingredients, however, cannot be made known to the curious, for she refuses to admit anyone into her confidence regarding the mixture to which she attributes the refreshing and sustaining properties which her bath evidently has.

In this matter of secrecy, beauty has always been peculiar, for few women even now will give the name and address of their dressmaker, whose power is not less great than that of the bath, which imparts health the primary necessity for shining in the world of the attractive.

The greatest actress on earth, and it need hardly be said that this is Madame Bernhardt, relies on a bath of tea. This she believes to be more stimulating and refreshing than anything else. With a broad catholicity, however, she does not dogmatise in this matter, and if she were asked whether she thought it would suit everyone, she would no doubt merely shrug her shoulders in an expressive manner and reply: "I consider myself."

What suits Madame Bernhardt will not of necessity suit the rest of the world, which for the most part she is unlike.

Miss Ada Rehan, who keeps that youth which is an unending source of comment by all who see her when she comes to London to act every year, follows Miss Russell's lead in the use of sweet-scented baths. Even her best friend, however, is not able to discover the composition to which it owes its peculiar effects.

Miss Ellen Terry uses delicately perfumed bran bags in her bath, and the rapidly-rising Miss Violet Vanbrugh affects a perfume in which violets can be detected.

Just as baths are used for the purpose of adding to weight, so they can be employed for the purpose of reducing it. Few of the beauties, however, believe with Catherine of Russia in the use of milk for this purpose.

One of the chief beauties of Paris, Madame Liana de Pougy, who, a year ago, was one of its reigning queens, went through a regimen of cold salt baths for the purpose of reducing her size when she began to grow fat. Incidentally, she tight-laced to such an extent that she had to support the pain with the reflection, as her countrymen say, "that one must suffer to be beautiful." Added to this, she starved herself as much as she possibly could, and took violent exercises, the fatigue of which she tried to disguise by dancing.

Turkish baths are the things which most people go in for under these circumstances, and there is little doubt but that these level-headed individuals of the world are, after all, those who derive the greatest amount of pleasure from existence.

MR. DOOLEY: "She is always running people down."
Mr. Gurley: "A gossip?"
"No, a scorcher."

TWO SEPARATE BRANCHES.—"I have to help Johnny with his mental arithmetic every evening," said the young woman, "and it is a nuisance."

"Do you—er—find that celebrated problem about one plus one equals one?" asked the young man.

"I said mental arithmetic, not sentimental," replied the young woman, with great dignity.

"So they are going to give a hundred pounds for the best design for a drinking fountain," said Mrs. Jones. "Why don't you try to get it, Jephthah?"

"No use," said Jones, lighting his cigar. "Some woman will be sure to get it. Women were always more designing than men."

Then the wretch went out to smoke.

: : £100 : :

Every Week for Ideas.

HERE are particulars of the new scheme instituted by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, in connection with their weekly papers, ***Pearson's Weekly, Short Stories, Home Notes, Athletic Record, Big Budget,*** and ***Girls.***

The conditions under which this money may be earned are as simple as it is possible to make them. All you need do is to take half a sheet of notepaper and write across the top of it your name and address. Beneath this write these words: "The following is what I think you might do to improve the attractiveness and interest of (insert the name of one of our papers)."

Then, in not more than twenty-five words, tell us in what way you think we might improve this one of our publications.

Send this slip, *together with three penny stamps,* to

The Idea Editor, Pearson's Offices, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

To the senders of the suggestions which we may decide to be the best and most sensible we shall give the Hundred Pounds in the following manner:

First Prize - - - £25.	**Fourth Prize - - - £10.**
Second Prize - - £20.	**Fifth Prize - - - - £5.**
Third Prize - - - £15.	**Fifteen Prizes of £1 each.**

Twenty Prizes of 10s. each.

Important Things to Remember.

You may make suggestions for the improvement of each of our papers, but they must be written on separate slips, and three penny stamps sent with each. Thus we will say a suggestion for ***Pearson's Weekly*** would be sent with three stamps, and a suggestion for ***Short Stories*** with three stamps, and so on, but all may be dispatched in one envelope.

Each week's competition closes with the first post on Monday morning. Anything arriving after the first post will not, therefore, be disqualified, but considered among the next week's attempts.

Here we believe we have devised a competition open to all. Everybody is capable of making a suggestion; most people believe they know "how to run a paper."

This is their opportunity. Anything not made clear in the above announcement we shall be glad to put right, if readers will kindly ask the question.

The Queen and the Archbishop of Canterbury have accepted copies of THE SUNDAY READER.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

The Kernels of Plum Stones, also damsons, steeped in brandy make a delicate flavouring liquid for cakes and puddings.

In Frying Parsley be sure to pick it very cautiously; wash and dry it well. Throw into deep fat, which is not quite hot enough to show a blue smoke. Parsley does not require the fat to be so hot as fish, etc., or it will turn brown.

To Remove Marking Ink from Linen. Paint the mark with a solution of cyanide of potassium, applied with a camel's hair brush. As soon as the ink disappears, the linen should be well rinsed in cold water. (*Reply to* NEW CROSS.)

How to Boil Cowheel. Scrape and clean it thoroughly, then boil gently for five or six hours in two quarts of water to one of milk. Whilst boiling add four large Spanish onions and a sprinkling of salt. Serve with the onions, and the liquor, strained and thickened with flour. Scatter chopped parsley over all. (*Reply to* H. L.)

To Keep the Hair Healthy. This recipe is sent me by a correspondent who has found it beneficial, it is so simple as to be within the reach of all. Take half an ounce of fine powdered camphor, dissolve it in two or three tablespoonfuls of gin, and make the quantity up to a pint with hot water. Apply this to the roots of the hair twice or thrice a week with a sponge. This preparation keeps the hair soft and glossy, besides nourishing its growth steadily

Salad of Broad Beans is an appreciated dish, if made as follows: Take a dish of cold boiled beans, remove the skins, and place the beans in a salad bowl with some thin slices of lean ham or tongue. If you have lettuce add a little to the beans. Sprinkle a teaspoonful of chopped parsley over, and then add the dressing prepared as follows: Beat a raw egg, add to it a little mustard, pepper, salt, and gradually three large tablespoonfuls of salad oil. Work the mixture together with a wooden spoon till all is perfectly blended, add a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar, and another of common vinegar.

Rinse Muslin Bedroom Curtains, especially those near the bed and dressing-table, in strong alum water, for it renders them non-inflammable. To my foreign readers I would suggest that they especially remember this when washing their musquito curtains. It has lately come to my notice how necessary this precaution is, for a friend of mine has been killed by the burning of his musquito curtains, when he was in bed. The cause is supposed to have been a spark from the candle left burning in the room. Had the curtains been soaked in alum water (two ounces to every gallon of water), the chances are that the spark would have done no damage.

Peppermint Creams are so fashionable now as a sweetmeat that I do not at all mind quoting a recipe here at your request, as I know other readers will appreciate it. Take good white granulated sugar, measure out one pint and a quarter of it, and boil for four minutes with half a pint of new milk. Then take off the fire and flavour with a teaspoonful or more, as taste may dictate, of essence of peppermint. Beat the mixture steadily until it will harden when dropped on wax paper. Drop a teaspoonful at a time on to the paper, and if the mixture harden too quickly, put it over the fire for a few moments to dissolve. Clove creams may be made in exactly the same way, essence of clove being substituted for the peppermint. (*Reply to* ELDORA JAMES.)

To Lady Cyclists. Just a hint about coats, etc. You will find the neatness of your appearance considerably increased if the fronts be secured in some way, instead of the wrap being worn open. The bolero I have sketched for you is especially neat, for on either side, well below the bust, are two buttons over which cords are slipped. These may be dispensed with, if liked, the buttons being used for ornament only. I shall be very pleased to send this pattern (No. 1953) to any lady on receipt of 4½d., if she will write me at 17 and 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. This little bolero has another advantage. If one wishes to doff it, for a time, it can easily be placed in the strap with the waterproof cape, so modest are its dimensions.

A Steamed Pudding is ready if, when pressing your finger on it no mark is left. This is even a better guide than time.

Avoid Drinking the first water that comes from the tap, for it has been in a lead or iron pipe all night, and is, therefore, unwholesome. This caution should be remembered if the water is to be boiled or not.

Stewing is the most economical of all methods of cooking, and it is always tasty, if only a small portion of stock or water is used, the cooking slow, and sufficient herbs, seasoning, and vegetables added to flavour the whole. A stew may be cooked equally well over the fire or in the oven.

Cabbage Water is evidently the cause of the disagreeable smell you speak of; probably your cook does not throw it away directly she has done with it, nor rinse the pot with clean water. Where possible, pour the cabbage water on to earth, in a town have a bucket for it outside the house, and when cold pour it on to the roots of your shrubs, etc. (*Reply to* THOMPSON.)

This Excellent Rice Mould Recipe should be tried by all my readers. Wash half a pound of rice and put it into a sauce-pan with one quart of boiling water, let it boil for five or ten minutes, then strain and set in a clean stew-pan with nearly a pint of milk, and simmer till the milk is entirely absorbed by the rice. Add sugar and flavouring, put all into a cold wet mould; when set, turn out and put the stewed fruit round, and serve.

American Stewed Tomato Recipe. Pour some boiling water on to a pound of fresh tomatoes, so that the skins can be easily removed. After peeling the fruit set it in a stew-pan with two ounces of dried bread-crumbs, which have been crushed very fine with a rolling-pin, add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a teaspoonful of sugar, pepper, and salt to taste. Make all boil up, and then simmer for twenty minutes. Serve as a vegetable, giving each person a salad plate for it.

The Causes of Snoring. I can't tell you what is the cause in your case, but after reading this paragraph, you may be able to decide for yourself. Snoring is sometimes caused by thickening and partial stoppage of the nostrils, and in that case very little can be done. Smoking may cause it, and then it should be given up. Often snoring accompanies a disordered stomach, and an early morning dose of sulphur will cure it. Suppers, too much bedclothes, and unventilated rooms, all cause snoring in some people. (*Reply to* LANCASHIRE READER.)

Seedfield Buns come in very usefully just now when dried fruits can hardly be said to be at their best. Rub four ounces of butter into one pound of flour, and a teaspoonful of baking-powder, scatter over all a pinch of salt, add four ounces of chopped preserved cherries, six ounces of caster sugar, a small half teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and a little grated lemon. Mix into a stiff dough with two eggs and a little milk. Place small pieces of dough on greased tins and bake in a quick oven for a quarter of an hour. The same recipe is very good if desiccated cocoanut be substituted for the cherries.

To Clean Suède Gloves. First let me warn my readers that this process should be performed in a shady room, never where there is a fire or a light. The drying of the gloves must always be in a strong current of air, and on no account by the fire, etc. Procure some benzoline, put a little in a small basin, set one glove in it at a time. After soaking two or three minutes, knead and squeeze a little, then lift up, drain off all the benzoline possible, and set the glove on a clean cloth. Take a piece of white flannel and rub the glove steadily one way down so as to rub away the dirty substance. If necessary, immerse the gloves again, and rub evenly with a soft clean rag till dry. If the rubbing is heavy or unequal, the gloves will be streaky. This recipe has been greatly appreciated by my readers, so I hope will work well in your case. (*Reply to* INQUIRER.)

Pot-Pourri is apparently as popular this year as ever, for once more I am asked for my recipe. Take a large quantity of fresh rose leaves, dry them in the sun, turn about constantly, so that all get dry and crisp; add to the rose leaves sweet scented geranium, honeysuckle, lavender, lemon verbena, etc., all of which should be perfectly dry. After a fortnight's drying, pepper the leaves with powdered cloves, orris-root, cinnamon, and bay-salt—a tablespoonful of each—then add twenty-five drops of oil of cloves, as much lavender oil, half that quantity of oil of cinnamon, and as much oil of musk as you feel entitled to spend on your pot-pourri. Mix all together and place in a wide-mouthed jar. For the first year or two the leaves should be stirred occasionally. Keep your jar in a dry place, and every year you will be more delighted with its delightful aroma. (*Reply to* B. WINSTANLEY.)

To Restore the Flavour in Tinned Fruits open the tin two hours before it is used, and be careful to empty its contents into a china vessel. If these two hints are followed the flavour of all canned goods is greatly improved.

A Wet Silk Hat should be handled very lightly. Wipe it as dry as possible with a silk handkerchief, then apply a soft brush. Should any portion of the nap be found to stick together, damp slightly with a sponge moistened with beer or vinegar, and brush before a fire till quite dry. (*Reply to* DON JUAN.)

To Keep Peas a Bright Colour when boiled is perfectly easy, if a large sauce-pan is used, with plenty of water, in which a very little piece of soda is dissolved, and some salt. Try this, and you will find your peas are as nice a green as anybody elses. Of course, peas, like all other vegetables, will be spoiled if cooked too long. Drain off directly they are done. (*Reply to* MARY BLANCHE.)

Sponge Cake Pudding. This costs very little, and makes an excellent pudding, either hot or cold. Split two sponge cakes into three slices each, spread with raspberry jam, put them together again and place in a pie-dish. Beat the eggs and a dessertspoonful of sugar together, add half a pint of milk and a dusting of nutmeg, and stir together. Then pour the custard over the cakes in the dish, bake in a slow oven till set, which will take about half-an-hour. Double this quantity may be made for less than a shilling.

For Bottle Cement the following recipe has been proved excellent by my readers. Take four ounces each of common red and black sealing wax, and beeswax half an ounce. Melt these together in a salt jar, or gallipot, on the stove. When the mixture begins to froth and seems as if it were going to boil over, stir it with a tallow candle, which should effectually settle the froth. As soon as the whole is melted it is ready for use. When required a second time, the contents of the jar need only be melted for use. This wax is invaluable for covering over corks in sauce bottles, preserves, etc.

If you Wish your Preserves to be a Good Colour boil the fruit before adding the sugar. By long boiling, both before and after the addition of the sugar, but especially before, a smaller quantity of sugar will be found sufficient to preserve the fruit. Place jams and jellies in glass jars or thin brown ware as far as possible. These do not look as nice as white gallipots but are better, as they have no metallic glaze. Always dry the jars over the rack on the stove before putting in the jam. To stir preserves use the handle end of a large wooden spoon.

Picnic Puffs. Put six ounces of flour into a bowl, mix with it a teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Rub three ounces of lard or clarified dripping with the fingers. When this is mixed make the paste up with three tablespoonfuls of cold water. Flour the board and pastry pin, and roll out the pastry once only. Cut into rounds with a tumbler, and in the centre of each put a tablespoonful of this mixture. Pinch the edges together, after brushing over with water, and bake till crisp. Mince some cold meat, and to every four ounces add a tablespoonful of run butter, pepper, salt, and a sprinkling of herbs. Beat up an egg, and use as much of it as you require to bind the mixture. The addition of a hard-boiled egg, chopped small, makes a variety.

Isobel

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POVERTY OF BLOOD.

No Woman should fail to take "Jolly's Duchess Pills."

NATURE intends all women to be lovely. Health and Happiness are the greatest Beautifiers, and Anæmia, or Poverty of Blood, is Beauty's greatest enemy. An Anæmic person may be known by a pale, waxy, and bloodless complexion and colourless lips. This is usually accompanied or followed by indigestion, or debility, or extreme irregularity, depression of spirits, and fatigue after slight exertion, faintness, nausea, offensive breath, headaches, pains in the side and back, palpitation, and coughs. When these are neglected, more serious affections frequently follow, such as chronic skin eruptions, eczema, dropsy, and consumption.

Jolly's "Duchess" Pills will restore colour, health, strength, and beauty, and make the palest face clear and rosy, thus producing a lovely complexion.

Anæmia it is which takes the lustre from the eyes, the rosy hue from the cheeks, the cherry colour from the lips. But to restore these all that is necessary is to send 2s. 6d. for a box of Jolly's "Duchess" Pills, containing 50 doses, easy to take and sufficient to cure.

Write for a circular containing full particulars, and many testimonials of cures effected by this invaluable remedy.

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Linen Lasts Longer.

Your Clothes delightfully sweet, wholesome, lily-white, and fresh as sea breezes, if soaked and washed with

HUDSON'S SOAP

A FINE POWDER IN PACKETS.

☞ Shirts, Cuffs, and Collars washed with HUDSON'S SOAP are thoroughly washed, therefore remain much longer clean—*with about half the usual labour.*

ESTABLISHED NEARLY SIXTY YEARS.

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LAZENBY'S SOUP SQUARES

(MULLIGATAWNY, GRAVY, JULIENNE, ETC.)

FOR MAKING FRESH SOUP, OR IMPROVING HOME MADE STOCK.

EACH SQUARE WILL PRODUCE

1½ PINTS OF STRONG NUTRITIOUS SOUP

Prepared by

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A PLAIN QUESTION.

IN buying a Table Jelly, why not buy one that is wholesome, nutritious, and digestible, with a flavouring of fresh fruit juices, from ripe fruit, instead of some chemical concoction? These are the characteristics of Chivers' Jellies, which have the endorsement of Gold Medals, and First-class Diplomas.

Chivers' Jams are made from fruit grown chiefly on their own farms. The fruit has no time to spoil or to become stale; it is boiled into Jam the same day as it is picked. The apparatus employed is silver-plated, so that there is no possible chance of contamination or impurity.

A delicate fruity odour and taste characterise Chivers' Gold Medal Table Jellies. Needless to say, Children and Invalids are enthusiastic over them. Orange, Lemon, Strawberry and Raspberry are some of the flavours.

Chivers' Jellies are sold by Grocers and Stores, in packets. Half-pints, 2½d.; Pints, 4½d.; Quarts, 8d. A Free sample will be sent on receipt of post-card, mentioning this paper. Address: S. Chivers and Sons, Histon, Cambridge.

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There is nothing like lemonade for quenching thirst during hot weather Lemonade of first-class quality can be made instantaneously by using

SHARP'S CONCENTRATED LEMONADE

This is the very essence of the choicest selected lemons, & the mere addition of cold water makes a deliciously cool and refreshing beverage

Special Prizes.—The three customers who return the largest number of wrappers from the bottles will each receive a dozen solid silver tea spoons. For particulars see wrappers

Sold by all grocers, in bottles, each containing sufficient for two gallons for 4½d., or free by post for 6d. from SHARP & CO., Fruit Factors, 8, The Rink, Maidstone.

See that you get Sharp's.

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The Cheapest
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THE "ALBIONETTE" is the Cooker of the Future.

THE only perfect Oil Cooking Stove; performs every Cooking operation *at one and the same time* at **one third** the cost of COAL or GAS. Heat regulated to a nicety.

Lit and Extinguished in a Moment. "Our Latest and Best."

The result of 25 years' experience.

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BREAKFAST AND SUPPER

THERE IS NOTHING TO EQUAL

DR TIBBLES' VI-Cocoa

Prepared from kola, cocoa, malt, and hops. It gives strength and energy as a consequence of greater nourishment. Sold everywhere in 6d. packets, and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins. Mention this paper, and write for dainty sample tin offered as free test of merit by

DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA, Ltd., 60, 61, & 62, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

28,000 SLAUGHTERED.

MATHER'S CHEMICAL FLY PAPERS

Unsolicited Testimonial.

Bilston, July 31st, 1896.

Dear Sirs, Please find enclosed 2,000 of flies that have been destroyed by two of your Fly Papers. According to my calculation 14,000 to the ounce), the number here represents about 28,000. My establishment is now practically free from flies. Yours faithfully, W. GRIFFIN.

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WILLIAM MATHER Ltd., Dyer St., Manchester.

Tea.

Nothing can be more refreshing than a cup of good tea. A big sample of carefully selected tea, making a delightful beverage, which will not harm your digestion, will be sent, and also a refined nickel spoon, for two penny stamps. JOHNSON, JOHNSON & CO., Ltd., 50, Southwark Bridge Road, LONDON.

WRITE TO-DAY.

STOUT PERSONS Should try Dr Vincent's Anti-Stout Pills. They permanently reduce superfluous flesh, in some cases as much as 10lb. in a week. Guaranteed perfectly harmless and pleasant to take. 2s., 4s. 6d., and 10s. a box, post free from **Dr VINCENT, 47, Park Ridings, Hornsey, London.** (*Mention this paper.*)

MACKENZIE'S PENNY BUTTER-SCOTCH

SUPERB FLAVOUR

Sold Everywhere. Works: Wellclose Sq., London.

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DESTROYS BUGS FLEAS MOTHS BEETLES

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AWARDED 31 GOLD MEDALS.

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SULPHOLINE LOTION,

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NOTICE.—"Dolly" Blue is neatly tied in a white bag to a small handle to hold by whilst using. It is the cheapest Blue in the market. "Dolly" Blue is sold by all grocers and oilmen at **1d.** a Bag.

"DOLLY" Cream and Tints.

"Dolly" Cream Colour for Tinting Curtains, Muslins, Laces, Silks, Blouses, &c., a Rich Cream Shade.

"Dolly" Tints manufactured in 6 Shades Pink, Terra-Cotta, Old Gold, Heliotrope, Sea Green, and Canary Yellow, for Tinting faded Ribbons, Laces, &c.

Their respective Shades sold everywhere, **1d.** per Bag. Will wash out when required.

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The "Dolly" Dyes are fast on Wool and Cotton alike, and will not wash out or fade. "Dolly" Dyes are not tints, but are solid colours, viz., Black, Brown, Blue, Green, Red, and Maroon.

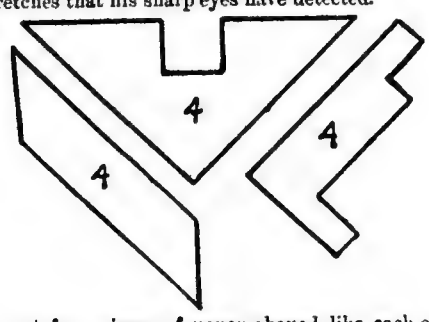
PRICE 3d. EACH DYE. "Dolly" Dyes for Home Dyeing are sold by all Grocers and Oilmen. The "Dolly" Specialities are manufactured only by

WM. EDGE & SONS Limited, BOLTON, LANCS.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST.

OLD NELSON.—Most people pronounce "Trafalgar" in the way that you state; in fact, it is only in very well-educated people we find it pronounced correctly. The accent should not be on the "fal," but on the "gar"—that is, "Trafal-gär." When Mr. Braham wrote "The Death of Nelson," he put the accent on the "fal" in the first line of his song, and this has been repeated and sung so many thousands of times in British homes that it has become a colloquialism.

HOW'S THAT has noticed that a number of sovereigns that have passed through his hands recently have been smaller in diameter than the ordinary coin of this value. He thinks the matter is one which deserves attention, since the clearly milled edges show that wear and tear are not the cause of this diminution in size, for which the Mint must obviously be responsible. ——————My correspondent has perhaps heard of the practice of sweating gold coins. No doubt he has read of the dishonest creatures who gained a means of livelihood by placing any gold coins they could lay hands on in a horse-hair bag and shaking them together until an appreciable portion of the metal had worn off and could afterwards be collected by burning the bag. But evidently he is not acquainted with a still more deliberate method of mutilation that is for the moment in favour with a certain section of our criminal classes. They have invented a machine which cuts off the milled edge of a coin given at the mint and imparts fresh markings, so that it becomes a matter for expert knowledge to detect the fraud. It is, no doubt, the work of these wretches that his sharp eyes have detected.



CUT out four pieces of paper shaped like each of the above, making a dozen in all, and construct out of these a square. A solid gold pencil-case will go to the sender of the first correct solution dealt with, and a gold-plated pencil-case to each of the next fifty. Envelopes to be marked "TWELVE."

R. E. S. writes: "I see a correspondent asks how to restore faded flowers. Perhaps the following hint may be useful: Place the flowers in a small wooden box, stalk to stalk, packing them as closely as possible, and covering them with cotton wool. White cotton wool is preferable. Inclose the box in a covering of brown paper, address it to the sender of the flowers, and take it to the post-office. The next morning they will be restored."

A CORRESPONDENT, who signs himself OLD FRIEND, writes as follows in an interesting letter that he has addressed to me from Bombay:

I see in a recent issue of your paper an article on Indian dyes and dyeing. It may interest your readers to be told—as indeed it concerns the whole world to hear—that the latter is a rapidly disappearing class. Their work is unique. Nothing has ever been found to rival the colour effects which they can communicate to materials of various kinds, examples of which may be seen in the shawls that are sent as an annual tribute to the Queen-Empress from Cashmere. But since the introduction of dyes manufactured from coal-tar refuse, this ancient Indian industry has been seriously affected, the professional dyer has begun to disappear at an alarming rate. The reason is not far to seek. The new aniline dyes are not only more brilliant, but are at the same time cheaper; two facts to which the native Indian is very much alive, for while his eyes are always taken by brightness, his pocket is as distinguished for the lightness of his pockets.

It is a great pleasure to me to receive letters such as the foregoing from my readers abroad, as it is always a delight to hear from "Pearsonites" at home. I take this opportunity of repeating a statement I have often made before: that my readers cannot pay a greater compliment to their editor than by now and then writing to him on whatever subjects may be uppermost in their minds—whether for publication or no.

WORRIED is a young man, twenty-six years of age, with a complexion like that of a girl, a most irritating habit of turning red, and an inordinate desire to remedy these matters. "In business," he groans, "the texture of my skin is always a serious drawback, as business men do not care to trust me with any weighty matter, on account of my very boyish appearance, and I cannot go round telling everybody I am twenty-six. Sometimes I feel ready to blow my brains out!"——————Which would be exceedingly foolish, not to say difficult. Although I admit that to a certain extent appearance will tend to assist or mitigate against a man's chances of success in business, yet a man with brains, even if he had a complexion like a girl's, would be bound to succeed if he didn't waste his time kicking against the pricks.

THE MAN OF QUESTIONS asks: "Is there any other bird acrobat besides the tumbler pigeon?"——————The only other bird which has the habit of turning somersaults and generally qualifying for the variety stage is the bird known as the Roller. It is found in Australia, in the East, occasionally on the Continent, and very rarely indeed in England. In the New World it is absolutely unknown, but they will probably be importing it soon by syndicates, with skylarks, nightingales, good roads, and a few other things that they are still without. The commonest Roller is a bluish bird about a foot in length. It flies a most erratic course, and turns ludicrous somersaults when ascending. It does this because it is made that way, and, as far as one can tell, would gladly dispense with the performance if it knew how.

H. K. wants to know the best way to thicken the hair. ——————Take half-a-pound of golden syrup, a quarter of a pound of gum, and a little plaster of Paris. Perfume to taste, and apply before retiring at night. There is no other way that I know of.

V. C. V. asks: "In what part of the world are the most dangerous dust storms to be encountered?"——————The efforts of our worthy vestryman to earn this distinction for the Strand, although largely successful, are not to be compared with the natural state of affairs in Tibet. Whoever has been to Kashgaria will admit that the dust-storms there are on a scale that defies comparison. During a storm complete darkness prevails. It may happen that it culminates in a heavy fall of rain; but the raindrops evaporate during descent, and the dust carried with them falls in lumps like hailstones. Entire forests of poplar trees are continually being buried in deep floods of this detestable dust, which rises here and there in hillocks forty feet in height. Even if these deposits are afterwards swept away by the wind, the trees that have been buried cannot recover from the damage inflicted, and shortly, if not immediately, wither and die.

J. A. G. says: "I see in a newspaper that the French Custom-house officials are thinking of examining any baggage with the help of the X rays in order to avoid the delay and inconvenience of unfastening trunks and turning over their contents. I should think the delay caused by the two operations of taking the photograph or shadeograph and developing it would be considerably the greater of the two."——————There would be no need to impress the picture of the box, or, rather, of its contents, on a sensitised plate at all. All that would be necessary is to place the trunk between the light of the X ray and a fluorescent screen, which may be held to the eyes like a gigantic pair of binocular glasses. The officials would thus see the lock of the trunk, the lace-holes of any boots within, a few collar studs, and some jewellery, perhaps; and if there chanced to be a cat or anything like that within they would distinctly see its bones. But how it would help them to detect tobacco, lace, wax matches, or other dutiable objects, the nature of which is such that no shadow is thrown, I fail to see.

LEAD-PENCIL is a lady who objects in very strong terms, which I do not care to reproduce here, to the jokes which appear occasionally in *P.W.* regarding the inability of a woman to sharpen a lead-pencil. She generously offers not only to come to the office and sharpen as many as I like while I wait, but to make a good quill pen.——————I dare say there are some women who are capable of performing this kind of feat, but they are the bright and exceptional exceptions. The average woman cannot throw a stone, cannot sharpen a pencil (except with a razor), and, more sad than either, cannot believe she cannot do either of these things.

YOUNG MOTHER asks me for some advice on the subject of babies' clothes.——————I regret that the information at my disposal is superficial. The chief thing, however, is to know when to substitute short clothes for long. There is no need to buy fresh frocks when this happens. All that is required is to cut the long clothes in half with a pair of scissors, or shears if handier, and to hoist the frilling and stuff a yard or two higher up. Long clothes are not used among savage races, and are merely applied in civilised societies where the fathers interfere in these matters, to enable a man to get a grip of the thing. The substitution of short frocks for long ones is done ostensibly to allow the child to walk, but in reality takes place long before this event is probable. The fond mother, however, hopes to deceive her neighbours in this way. A further object is to allow the child to grow accustomed to the sight of its own feet, and to teach the infant that they belong to it as personal property. It is notorious that when a baby first sees its own toes, it has no idea that they are part of its person, and carries them, as it does any other independent object, to its mouth. Until a child discovers after teething that its feet are supplementary details to its mouth, it naturally will not attempt to walk. Short clothes are usually adopted so soon as a baby is old enough to be taken round and shown to everyone for admiration. Strangers who are not conscientiously able to speak highly of the infant's face, find themselves able to escape what would otherwise be an awkward dilemma, by lavishing their praises on its pink toes, which, in nine cases out of ten, will be comparatively beautiful. When babies acquire socks, they should be allowed to keep one off for this reason. It is not considered good form for a child under two years old to carry an umbrella, and the habit of boys, when not more than four, of turning up the bottoms of their trousers, should not be encouraged. White clothes are chiefly worn by children because they don't pay for their own wash.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "A pathetic incident is recorded in the quarterly report of the East London Church Fund. On the occasion of a children's excursion into the country, a small East-end boy, who had never been in the country before, at the first sight of daisies growing in the fields knelt down and kissed them."

DO YOU WANT A DOZEN HANDKERCHIEFS?

To stimulate the collection of subscriptions for the F.A.F., Messrs. J. Gilliland and Co., of Linenhall Street, Belfast, offer to the sender of the largest amount received between the 19th and 26th July one dozen ladies' finest Irish linen cambric handkerchiefs, hand embroidered with the winner's initials. Attempts to be marked "Handkerchief."

IT is most gratifying to be able to announce almost every week that certain days have been set aside for the purpose of allowing parties of two hundred to enjoy somebody's generosity. This week Mr. F. White, of 37, Southfield Road, Middlesborough, has collected £8 16s. on the steamship, *Fort Salisbury*, and July 26th will be known as "FORT SALISBURY DAY." I may say here, that this gentleman has already been responsible for £32 12s. collected in this ship since last June.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £2,000 12s. 9½d.

Florent House, 2s.; Julia S. Howell, 3s.; F. J. Cameron, 1s.; Elevator, £1 1s.; Herbert Eppenheim, 1s.; A. J. Riffel, 10s.; Gretta Houghton, 9d.; Few Friends at Formby, 3s.; J. R. Lawry, 2s.; Henry West, 5d.; Sergt. A. Seitz, 1ed.; H. P., 3d.; Carron, Stirlingshire, 8s. 6d.; A Well-wisher, Andrew, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. E. Grice, 9d.; H. E. W., 10s.; A Few Shamrocks, 7s. 6d.; A Few of Us, per A. J. T., Cardiff, 5s. 6d.; Bertie and Sydney Palmer, 5s.; E. J. Neveren, 9d.; L. B. L., 9s.; Sympathiser in Edinburgh, 1s. 6d.; E. G., 1s. 6d.; P. Fryer, 1s. 6d.; Belfast, 1s.; Solway-side, 2s. 6d.; Willie Rolfe, 1s. 6d.; Bessie, 1s. 6d.; B. B. S. 2s. 6d.; Scamadale, £1; H. H. Heard, 5s.; J. Turner, 2s.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; Well-wisher, 3s.; Miss Stirling, £25; Per Dolly and Paul, 5s. 6d.; A Leicester Tiger, 1s. 6d.; Douglas A., 1s. 6d.; Clifton, 2s.; Lambert Phillips, Wheeler Reid, 2s. 6d.; Langham, 5s.; D. E. S., 2s. 6d.; Mabel, 6s.; E. H. L., 1s.; S. P., 8d.; Mr. and Mrs. Clark, 10s.; A Widow's Mite, 1s.; G. Taylor, 1s.; F. E. L., 5s.; R. Luard, 2s. 6d.; J. F. S. and F. G. C., 2s. 6d.; H. S. E., 5s.; Daisy, Edinburgh, 2s. 6d.; Camden Square, 5s.; W. H. C., Bristol, 5s.; Emily Shore, 1s.; D. Smith, 6d.; Victor Wild, 1s. 6d.; H. G., 6d.; Mrs. Witch, 3d.; We Two, 1s. 6d.; F. Clive, 6d.; 18th donation from North Stockman, 5d.; Little Manx Mollie, 2s.; Mrs. W. Heney and Sister, 5s.; Lillie Rutt, 9d.; G. M. Cowie, 1s.; A. Dalgetty, 4s. 6d.; Robert A. Sharpe, 9d.; R. J. W., 1s.; Frank, 1s. 6d.; Woman Student of Medicine, 1s. 6d.; A. A. Jeeds, 5s.; Anon, 1s.; Gertie, 1s. 6d.; 74 and her Boy, 1s.; A Promise, 2s. 6d.; L. and S. S., 1s. 6d.; A Friend, 9d.; H. M. Parry, 2s.; Sinbad the Sailor, £2.; R. E. Deveren, 10s.; A. E. Nash, 1s. 6d.; For Mabel's sake, 5s.; J. Heslop, 2s.; Barrister, Dublin, £1 1s.; F. A. Bull, 5s.; H. Dedman, 1s. 6d.; E. L. P., 5s.; Captain and Chief Constable, County of Surrey, £1.; A. E. T. and A. E. H., 2s.; Fran Bertha Hoar, 2s. 6d.; F. J. Barnes, 2s. 6d.; Una, George, and Howard Hunter, 4s.; Ivor, Cissie, Hilda, Dora and Gipsy Roberts, 6s.; H. C. H., £6 1s.; D. B. 1s.; Mrs. Finding, 10s.; Crew of Steam Trawler *St. Andrews*, Aberdeen, 5s.; Henry and Helen Strong, 5s. 9d.; Boarders and Friends at Surrey Hotel, Mafeking, per G. Peake, £10.

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DON'T WORRY YOUR OWN BRAINS. WORRY OURS.

WHAT AILED THE MAN IN 35?

"I HAD just blown out the candle and crawled into bed. It was at the Lamb Inn, at one of the Cathedral cities of England. My room was 34, and presently I heard a man bid the waiter good night and enter 35, the next room. Ten minutes later, having fallen into a doze, I was startled by a tremendous racket in 35. The bell downstairs rang an alarm, peal on peal. Jumping from bed I pulled on some clothes and rushed into the hallway. The landlady and two or three servants had just arrived. Together we entered 35, where we found a big burly man seemingly half choked to death. He was purple in the face, his eyes were staring and bloodshot, he wheezed and whistled, he went from chair to chair, he ran out into the hallway. I saw what ailed him. I gave him sal volatile and brandy, opened the window, and made the servants carry away the feather bed. In a little time he was better, but he wouldn't lie down; he spent the rest of the night in a big easy chair.

"It was that infernal candle smoke that did it," he gasped. "There was no extinguisher, and I got a whiff that set me going. I have always been subject to it. Sorry to be such a nuisance; I'll do now."

There are lots of people like him. Here is another, namely, Mrs. Eliza Mary Cantle, who lives at 4, Thorngate Buildings, Forton Road, Gosport. She says, "I was taken with shortness of breath, and for over two years I couldn't lie down in bed for fear of being suffocated. Something like a ball used to rise up in my throat and seemed to choke me. For years I sat up in bed propped with pillows, and got what sleep I could that way."

That was bad—very bad; and yet very common. You know what it is called, of course—asthma; substantially the same thing as epilepsy, catalepsy, hysteria, and that kind of spasms which end in making the body as stiff as though it were three days dead.

But what causes it? Can it be cured? you ask. One thing at a time. Let's first finish with Mrs. Cantle's experience. The beginning of that lies behind us—seven years or so—August, 1886. She began by feeling weak, nervous, and generally ailing. She had a bad taste in the mouth, poor appetite, headache, heaviness, and a sense of want of warmth and vigour in the stomach; and the looking-glass showed her that her skin and eyes were getting of a sickly yellow complexion. By-and-bye matters were much worse with her. After taking even simple morsels of food she had pain in the chest amounting to agony. On this, she says, she became afraid to eat. We can well believe it.

"Then," she adds, "I had dreadful attacks of giddiness, specks floated before my eyes so I could scarcely see, and I could stand only by taking hold of the furniture."

After this came the terrible time with the asthma—already described.

Her letter, dated September 20th, 1893, concludes with these words:—"I was now very thin, and so feeble I had to keep in bed for weeks at a time. I was *literally starving for want of food*, yet didn't dare to touch anything solid. The doctor who attended me gave me medicines, but they did no good. At last a friend from Fratton told me how she had been benefited by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. She brought me a bottle and I began with it. In a few days I felt better than I had for years. My breathing was easy, and I could eat. I kept on with the Syrup, and was soon as well as ever. In my opinion this remedy saved my life. (Signed) Eliza Mary Cantle."

Very good. A noble result. Yet very natural, too. Asthma is not a disease of the lungs as some wrongly think, but is caused by the poisons of indigestion and dyspepsia entering the blood and prostrating the nervous system. And as the lungs, like all other organs, are operated by the nerves, they fail when the nerves fail. Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup abolishes the cause, and the effect goes away with it. Don't forget it.

If the man in 35 had used the Syrup months before we met at "The Lamb," he wouldn't have scared the whole household half out of their wits.

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Sold by Ladies' Outfitters, Drapers, and Chemists all over the world.

ARE WE BETTER OFF THAN THE ANCIENTS?

THIS IS AN OPEN QUESTION WHICH WE ARE NOT QUALIFIED TO ANSWER.

WE are a most conceited generation—proud beyond measure of our progress, our civilisation, and ourselves, and settled in the conviction that we are continuously advancing.

"We picture progress to ourselves," says Professor Lombroso, "as an endless line leading straight up to heaven, without any turnings, and imagine our own white race at the top of the line, attaining by a continuous rise to immeasurable heights of civilisation."

It is a delusion. Lucky you certainly are, since you enjoy many gifts withheld by the gods from former generations; but most of the civilisation on which you pride yourselves—from the penny-in-the-slot machine down to representative government—was familiar to the ancients.

The fact is that even among the most advanced peoples, the line of movement, far from being vertical, is continually describing reactionary curves, so that we find amidst all our boasted civilisation distinct retrograde characteristics that take us back to the primitive world.

The Hebrews are a striking example. Even in Moses' time they had attained to monotheism in the progress of religious belief, and reached the idea of socialism. They invented bills of exchange, and in the middle ages they were the backbone of the capitalist class. To-day you will find the bulk of journalists and writers are drawn from the Jews. In politics they are generally leading the most extreme parties. Thus we see them always very far advanced in civilisation.

Yet they still religiously retain the Peruvian *quippu*, or knot-alphabet, in the sacred garment which they wear in their synagogues; they use stone instruments for one of their rites, which is itself a survival of cannibalism.

Our form of government, which we regard as the most liberal in Europe and peculiarly our own, is, in reality, very old. The disciples of Pythagoras formulated representative government; Polybius suggested the three estates of the realm as they exist in our constitution—the Crown, the aristocracy, and the people—and Cicero and Tacitus both contemplated this form of government.

As long ago as the fourteenth century Marcel proposed in France administrative uniformity, universal political rights, the transfer of power from the Crown to the nation, and proportional and progressive taxation.

The ancients knew of the lightning-conductor, and Celtic soldiers in a storm used to improvise one by planting their naked swords in the ground, point upwards. Hugh Capet, in the tenth century, invented a plan for diverting lightning from the fields by planting in them long sticks tipped with lance heads.

The penny bus plied in France in the seventeenth century, and I should not be surprised if we discovered somewhere remains of tickets and conductors' punches.

Massage, which we have regarded as a new development in medical practice, is in reality of very ancient origin, and was known, among others, to the Romans. Homœopathy is equally ancient, and many of our medical instruments—the speculum, the probe, the forceps—were used in the fourth and fifth centuries.

The Chinese invented iron houses as early as the year 1200. Glass houses had been in use in Siam centuries before that, and were found among the Picts and the Celts.

Hypnotism, spiritualism, thought-reading, and the X rays seem to have been almost commonplaces to the ancients. The Druid magician, by his incantations, moved the enormous cromlech; the Roman witch, by the same means, moved the murmuring rhombus, or the magic sieve, or the divining tripod, just as to-day the suburban spiritualist has his table turning and spirit-rapping.

The excavations in Egypt last winter brought to light a number of documents relating to the everyday life of two thousand years ago. From these we find that when a man bought a piece of land or paid his rent or taxes he got a receipt just as he does to-day.

One receipt discovered was for the duty from two brewers on their twelve months' brewing of beer, another was for the tax on the transfer of property, another was for rent. There were bankers, too, in those days, and a leaf from a banker's ledger was found giving the names of some twenty depositors and the sums they had withdrawn from their accounts.

A document found in the same part of Egypt shows that the trouble which modern housekeepers experience with their domestic servants was suffered by the Egyptian master and mistress a hundred years before our era began. Previous excavations in Egypt have brought to light remains of machines almost identical with the penny-in-the-slot affairs that now figure on our railway stations.

We talk airily about China's reluctance to adopt Western civilisation, but China had a coinage of its own more than 4,000 years ago, and issued banknotes before England had dreamt of a bank. Even joint stock banks are not a modern idea. Xenophon tried to float one in Athens about the time that the ancient Briton was trying to float his first effort at a canoe.

THE MISTAKES WE MAKE.

V.—A Batch of Misstatements.

COMPILED BY C. E. CLARK.

Member of the Metropolitan Board Teachers' Association.

The City's Highest Ground.

"WHEN you have sought the City round,
Yet still this is the highest ground."

So says that curious sign, the Boy and Pannier, in Panyer Alley, Newgate Street. But the old rhyme is not true. The highest ground in the City is in Cannon Street, where it reaches sixty feet, and not in Newgate Street, where it is only fifty-eight feet.

Where Shelley was Drowned.

"DROWNED by the upsetting of his boat in the Gulf of Spezia."

So reads the epitaph on Shelley's monument, erected at Christchurch, Hants, by his son, Sir Percy, and Lady Shelley; and by referring to dictionaries and encyclopædias, we find they also perpetuate the error. The boat really foundered in the roads of Viaregio. But to make the ground of objections firmer, it is necessary to point out that while the seaport of Viaregio is only fourteen miles north-west of Pisa, the Gulf of Spezia, following the coast-line, is not far short of fifty miles.

Queen Bess's Pocket-Pistol.

"LOAD me well and keep me clean,
And I'll carry a ball to Calais Green."

This is popularly supposed to be a translation of the Flemish inscription on Queen Bess's Pocket-Pistol at Dover,* and on it is founded the common idea that the gun is able to sweep the French port which lies in front of it. A weekly paper, in answer to a correspondent, says the Calais in question does not refer to the town of France, but to a place called Calais Green, about one and a half miles from Dover; but according to the DAILY TELEGRAPH of May 26th, 1894, the refrain is, however, "completely erroneous," as the words really mean:

"Over hill and dale I can throw a ball;
My name is Breaker of Mound and Wall."

How we Got the King's Library.

BUT the fourth inscription is positively mendacious. It is above the south door in the stately gallery in the British Museum known as the King's Library, and runs as follows:

"This library, collected by George the Third, was given by His Most Gracious Majesty George the Fourth, in the third year of his reign, A.D. MDCCCXXIII."

Now, most readers of history are aware that this statement is misleading as to the facts. When George the Fourth was hard pressed for money he was desirous of selling his father's collection, and at one time the books were in danger of getting into the hands of a royal purchaser abroad. The King was approached on the subject, and a bargain was struck that he should be secretly paid for the library, but that it should be given out that he had presented it to the nation. For his alleged generosity His Majesty was actually thanked by the House of Commons in terms of the "strongest gratitude."

"A tradition of the British Museum asserts that a portion of the library was actually placed on board a ship to be sent to Russia. In the centre of the King's library is displayed the letter of gift of the collection from George the Fourth to Lord Liverpool. Such is certainly worth keeping as a curiosity; still, an official statement as to the true facts of the case ought to be appended."—DAILY CHRONICLE, March 21st, 1895.

Some of Shakespeare's Mistakes.

"THEN our ship hast touched the deserts of Bohemia."
—*The Winter's Tale.*

The ship bearing the infant Perdita is supposed to be driven on the coasts of Bohemia, but Bohemia has no sea-board at all.

"Peace, count the clock—
The clock has stricken three."

From the dialogue between Brutus and Cassius in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*. Yet clocks were not known to the Romans, though sun-dials were; and striking clocks were not invented till some hundreds of years after Cæsar's death.

Alluding to Cæsar's death recalls a paragraph that has recently gone the round of the weekly Press, *re*:

"Et tu, Brute."†

to the effect that "Cæsar did not say these words when struck down. Eye-witnesses to the assassination deposed that he died fighting, but silent, like a wolf." If however, he did speak, then, according to Suetonius writing in Greek, the actual meaning of his words was: "Thou, too, my son," not the Latinised meaning, *Et tu, Brute.*

* The Pistol, now removed to a less conspicuous part of the Castle, was a gift from the Low Countries to Queen Elizabeth, in recognition of her efforts to protect them and their religion.

† "And even you, Brutus."

ROYAL COMMISSIONS AND THEIR COST.

HOW SOME OF OUR MONEY IS FRITTERED AWAY.

A FAVOURITE method of shelving an awkward question with which the Government of the day are disinclined to deal, is to refer the subject to a Royal Commission for inquiry and report.

It is a popular error to suppose that either the House of Commons or the House of Lords can appoint such a Commission by resolution. The appointment of a Royal Commission, except when it is desired to give powers of commitment of indemnity, or otherwise, of an unusual extent—in which case a special Act must be obtained—rests entirely with Her Majesty, and that is why it is called a "Royal" Commission.

The gentlemen chosen to act as Commissioners upon Royal Commissions are generally selected by the party whips, and are invariably nominated on the ground that they are experts or possess some especial knowledge of the subject to be inquired into. They receive no remuneration for their services, but their travelling and hotel expenses are paid, and refreshments—luncheons, etc.—are provided when sitting.

The Commission under which they are appointed when not a warrant under the Sign Manual, bears the Great Seal or Privy Seal, and in either case commences with the words: "Victoria by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith," and is addressed to each of the Commissioners by name, prefaced by the words: "To Our right, trusty, and well-beloved Councillors," in the case of Privy Councillors, and "To Our trusty and well-beloved ——" in cases where the Commissioners appointed are not members of the Privy Council.

The subject matter of the inquiry is then stated, and the document proceeds:

"Now, Know Ye, That We, reposing great trust and confidence in your zeal, discretion, and ability, have authorised and appointed, and do by these presents appoint you, the said ——, to be our Commissioners for making the inquiry aforesaid."

In ordinary cases Commissions are now almost invariably issued in the form of a Warrant under the Sign Manual.

Thus, it will probably astonish and disgust over-zealous teetotalers to learn that in the Letters Patent or Warrant under the Sign Manual, appointing the Royal Commission on the Liquor Licensing Laws, which is now sitting, a publican—the much-abused "aversion" of the total abstainer—mine host of the "Delaware," in Oxford Street, is styled by his sovereign: "Our trusty and well-beloved Charles Walker."

The cost of these Royal Commissions is practically confined to the salaries of the secretaries and clerical staff, travelling, stationery, and postages.

The Ordnance Inquiry Commission, for instance, which sat for about eighteen months, cost only £995, while the Royal Commission on Vaccination, which commenced in 1889, to inquire into the effect of vaccination in reducing the prevalence of, and mortality from, smallpox, and did not finally report until last August, cost the country £13,040.

The Royal Commission on the improvement in the breed of British horses, which was appointed in 1887, and has not yet finally reported as to how the regulations under which the royal bounty, until now bestowed in the gift of Queen's plates to be won at race meetings, may best be expended in prizes to be bestowed by Her Majesty at the chief agricultural shows in Great Britain, has already cost the country £14,143, in addition to an annual sum of £3,360 granted by Her Majesty out of her Civil List.

But by far the most expensive Royal Commission of recent times is that which is still sitting on the subject of historical documents. This Commission has spent upwards of £46,103 since the date of its appointment in 1886, in inquiring as to the places in which documents illustrative of history, or of general public interest, belonging to private persons, are deposited; and in considering whether, with the consent of the owners, means might not be taken to render such documents available for public reference. The Commissioners have, up till the present time, made no fewer than fifteen bulky reports, and seem, like Tennyson's brook, as if they would "go on" reporting "for ever."

Among other costly Royal Commissions may be mentioned the Labour Commission over which the Marquis of Hartington presided and which cost the taxpayers £31,235 to inquire into the questions affecting the relations between employer and employed, and the conditions of labour raised during recent trade disputes in the United Kingdom; and the Royal Commission on the Chicago Exhibition, 1893, which spent £61,464 in obtaining and distributing information as to the best mode by which the products of the manufacturing and agricultural industries and the fine arts of the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Dependencies might be procured and forwarded for exhibition at Chicago.

The cost of many of the Royal Commissions hitherto appointed represents so much money wasted, inasmuch as the recommendations contained in the Reports, which are forwarded to the Secretary of State to be laid before the Sovereign, by whose command they are subsequently presented to Parliament, have, in some cases not been unanimous and in others they have not been acted upon, or at least legislation has not followed on the lines recommended.

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Who are the Happy, Who are the Free?

You tell me and I'll tell thee:

Those who have tongues that never lie,
Truth on the lip, truth in the eye;
To Friend or to Foe,
To all above and to all below,

These are the happy, these are the free,
So may it be with thee and me.

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It is Pleasant, Soothing, Cooling, Health-giving, Refreshing, and Invigorating.
You cannot overstate its GREAT VALUE in keeping the BLOOD PURE and FREE from DISEASE.

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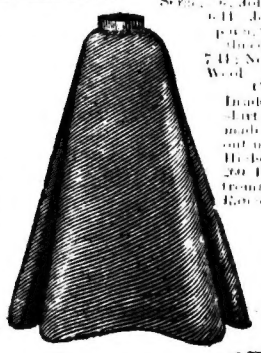

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